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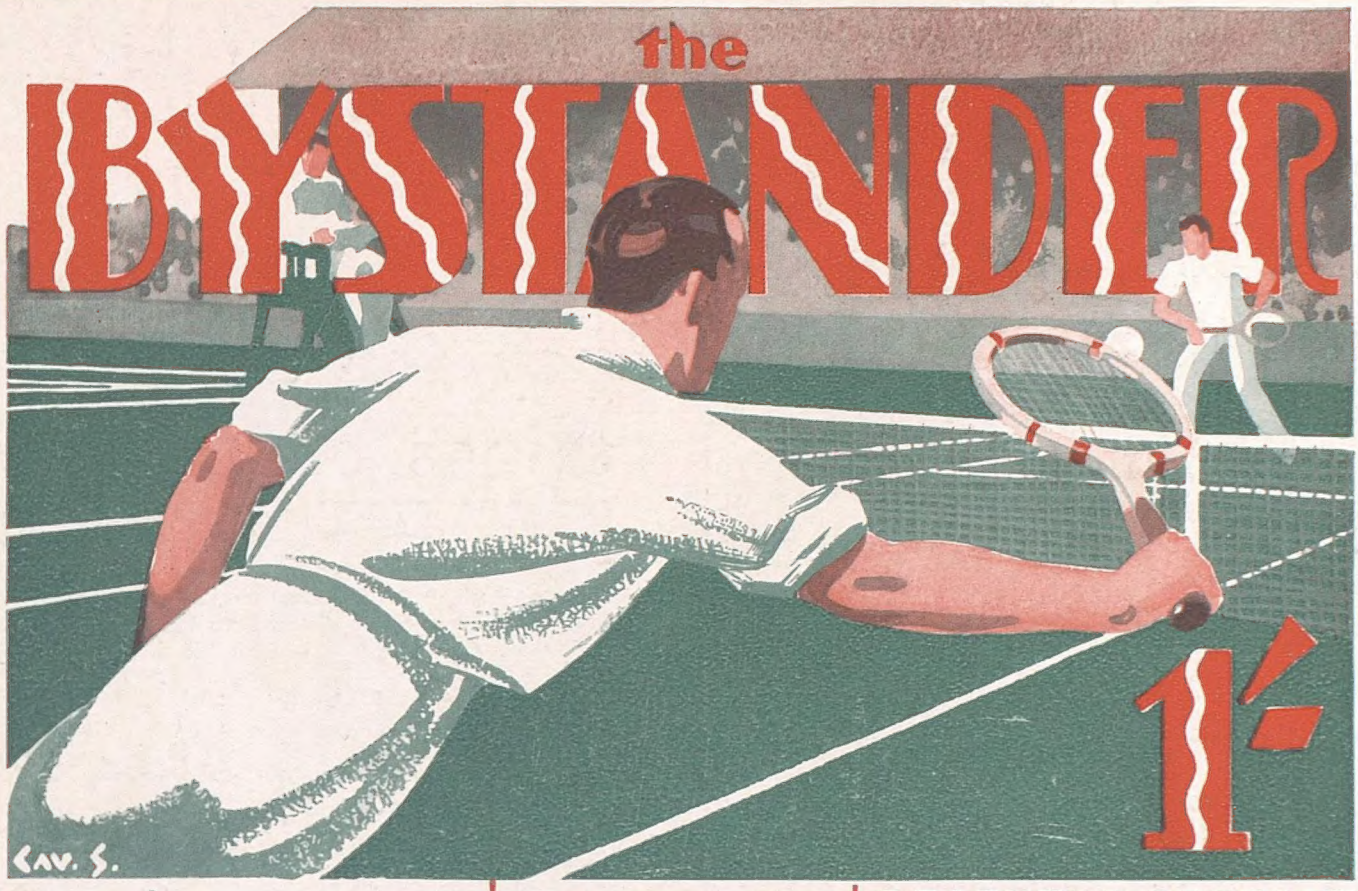
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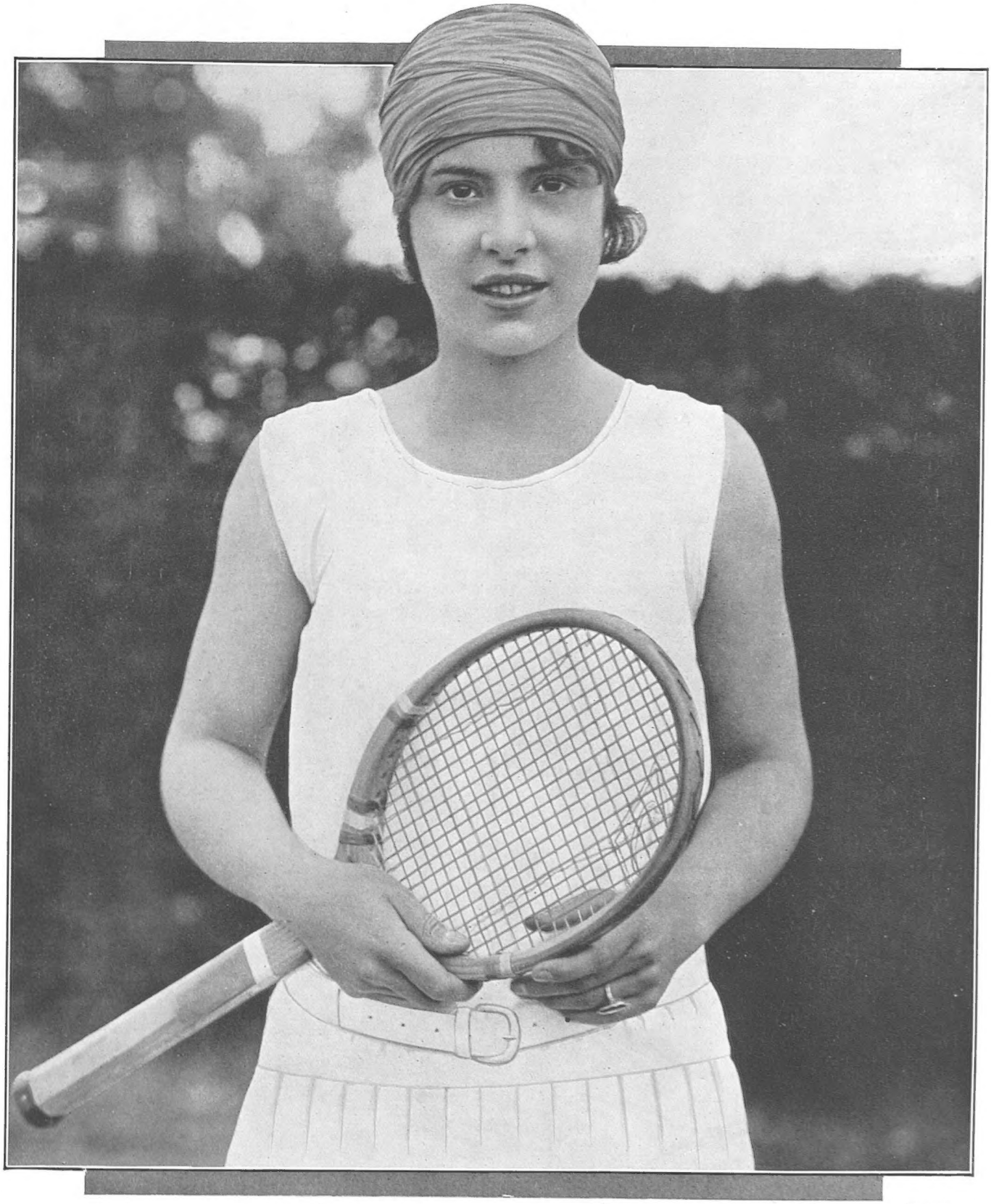
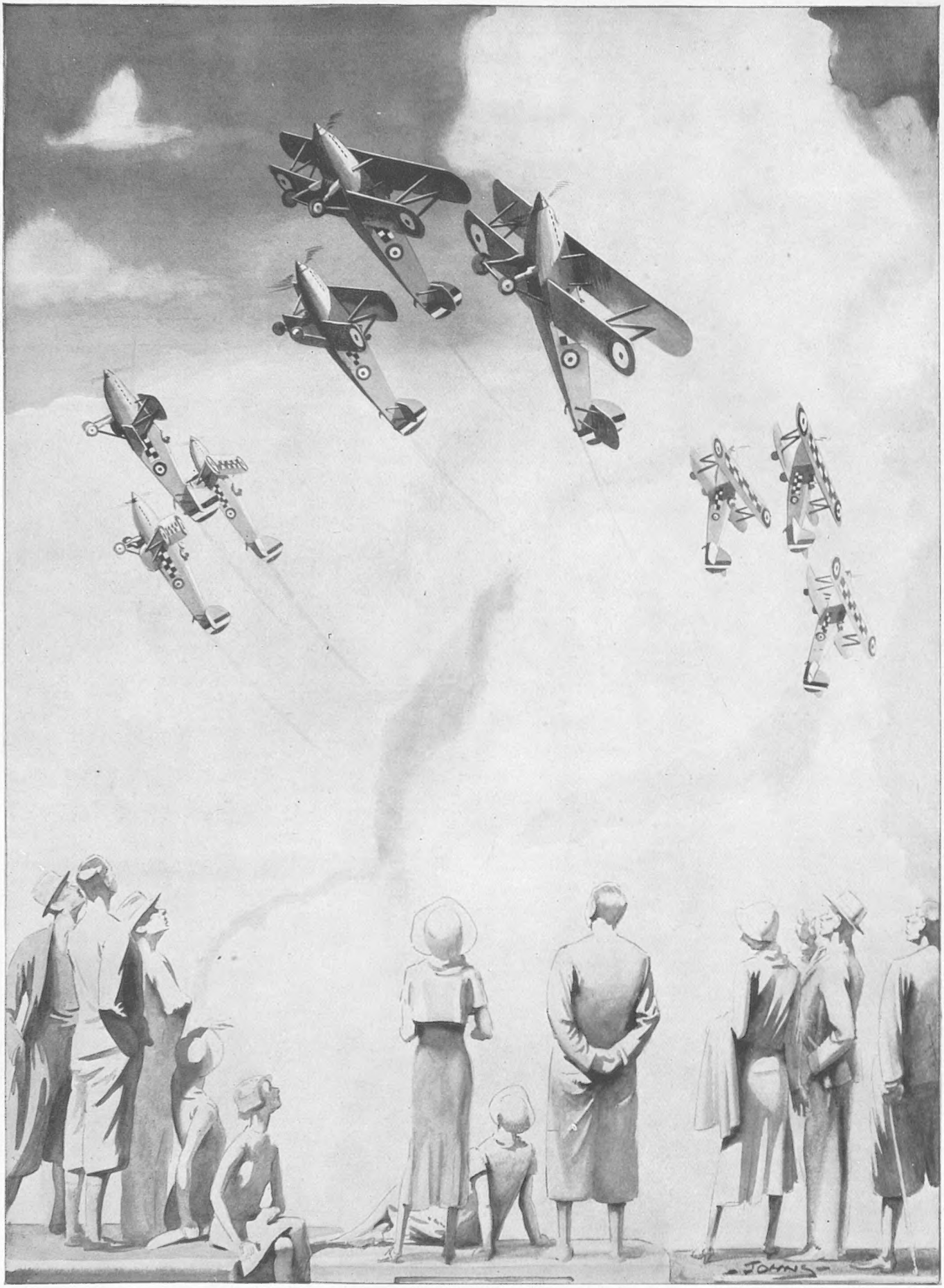


Bassano

FRÄULEIN CILLI AUSSEM

The twenty-two-year-old German girl who is strongly fancied for the Championship at Wimbledon this year. Her first big singles victory was in 1927 when she became Champion of Germany. Since then she has had many victories to her credit, and now that Mrs. Moody is not playing is ranked No. 1 in the world's "First Ten"



BY JOHNS

"THE PRINCE OF WALES' FEATHERS": A SPECTACULAR STUNT FOR THE R.A.F. DISPLAY

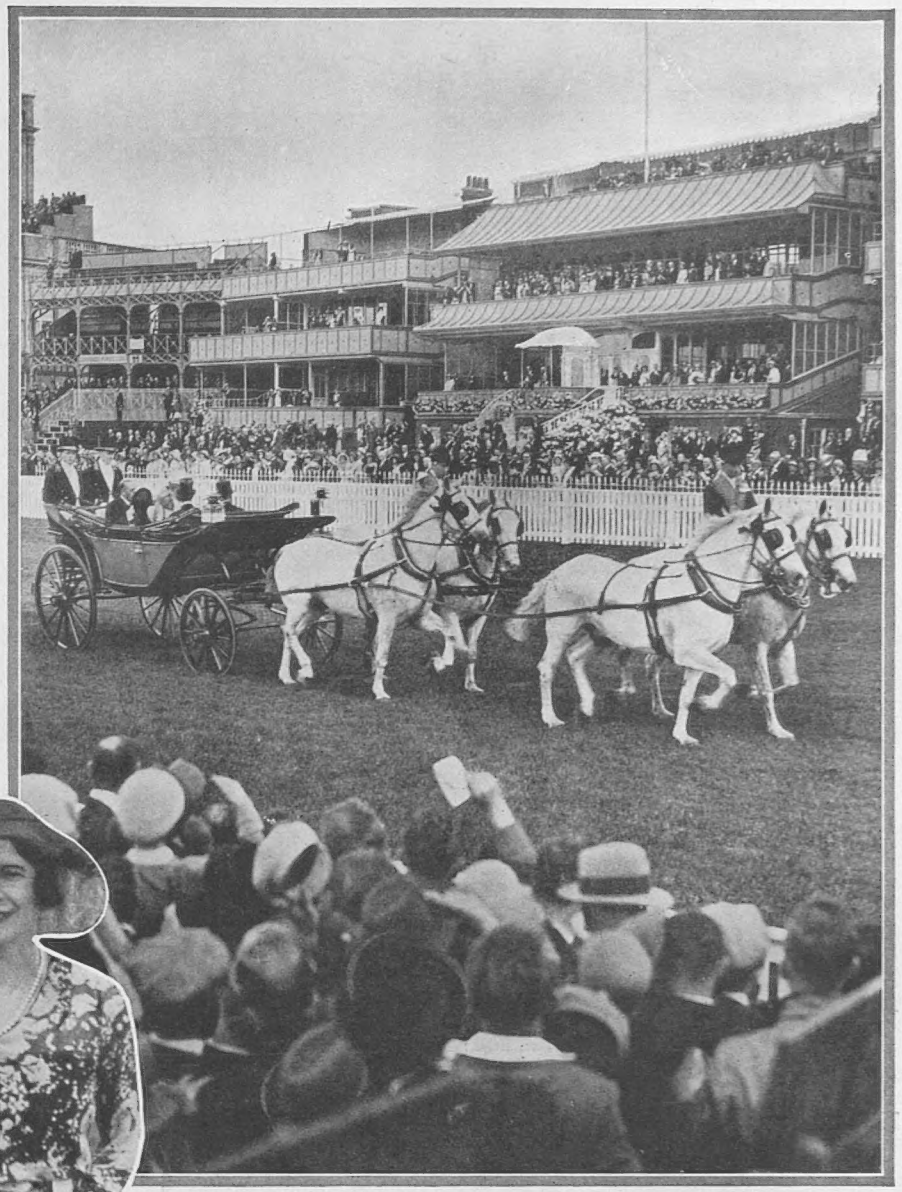
One of the most spectacular sights at the Royal Air Force Display at Hendon next Saturday, June 27, will be the evolutions of No. 43 (Fighter) Squadron of Hawker-Rolls-Royce "Furies," commanded by Squadron-Leader Slatter, O.B.E., D.S.C., D.F.C. Above is our artist's impression of the squadron, which is easily recognised by the black-and-white check markings on the top planes and fuselages of their machines, performing their thrilling stunt, which has become known as the "Prince of Wales' Feathers."

the passing hour

THIS has been the most interesting Ascot for years, and while my memory is still fresh I want to elaborate on it. The Tote has altered the whole atmosphere. In future, Ascot is going to matter less and less as a fashion parade, and more and more as a race-meeting. It will become, in fact, the summer equivalent of the Two Thousand Guineas meeting at Newmarket.

THIS last week has proved that women are no longer interested in each other's frocks, or even in their luncheon at the Club tents. All they care for are the changing electric figures on the giant Tote in the paddock. They spend their whole time queuing up to buy 2*s.* and 10*s.* tickets before each race, and to cash them, if they have won, after each race. They no longer promenade around showing off their frocks. They hardly, indeed, have time for light conversation, except as to the odds of the last winner.

JUST in front of me on Hunt Cup Day was Lady Patricia Hare, who was much excited about a 2*s.* bet she had just placed on Sandwich. She explained to her companion that as there were only three horses in the race, they could not have an each-way bet. Travelling down that day was Mr. Johnny Dewar, the owner of Cameronian, who spoke to me of his two animals, Riot and Brother-in-Law. He also spoke of Captain Shaw. Alas, none of them won, so the day was not such a riot after all!



Their Majesties driving in state down the crowded course at Ascot before the racing began. This year's meeting was as popular as ever, and it was generally agreed to be one of the jolliest since the War. After the exciting finish to the Gold Cup on Thursday, when Brig.-General Charles Lambton's Trimdon beat Lord Glanely's Singapore by a short head, the winning owner and his jockey, Joe Childs, were summoned to the Royal Box to receive the King's congratulations

Lady Chesham arriving at the course. Coloured chiffons were all the rage at Ascot this year

IT reminded me how in a previous year Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen had given me several tips. Those were unlucky, too. Even on the previous day a famous jockey—it is not fair, perhaps, to mention his name—had marked my card for me, and there was not a single winner on it. All I won was the result of my own horse-sense.

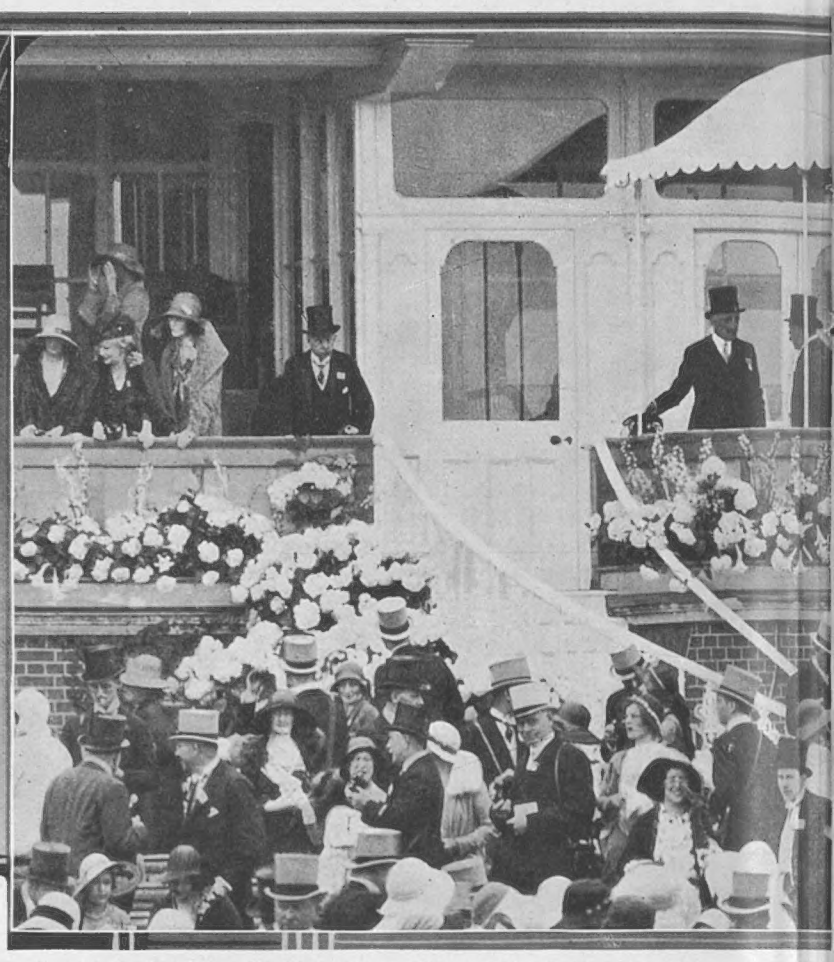
BUT the most unusual aspect of all, as far as the Royal Enclosure was concerned, consisted of dozens and dozens of torn-up Totalisator tickets which lay on the ground. It made the grass look like Kempton Park after the last race, or Hampstead Heath after a Bank Holiday. When the last race was over, men in mufti went around with large brown bags picking up the litter—and high time, too.

I MUST not forget to say that Mr. J. A. Dewar told me on the journey down to Ascot that Cameronian, by winning the St. James's Stakes, had accumulated no less than £29,000 for his lucky owner in his last three races. There was £11,000 odd from the Two Thousand Guineas and £12,000 odd from the Derby, and nearly £6,000 from the St. James's Stakes.

TO revert to the sartorial aspect of Ascot, a minor sensation was caused in the Royal Enclosure on Wednesday by the presence of a man in a short morning coat. Everyone tried to read his name, but it was such

FLOWERED CHIFFONS AT ASCOT:

The Hon. Eileen Brougham (left) and her sister-in-law, Lady Brougham and Vaux



A scene in the Royal Box. His Majesty is seen talking to Major Fetherstonhaugh, his racing manager.

Mrs. Derek Peachy in the paddock

Mr. Edgar Wallace and his leading lady, Lady Lindsay-Hogg (Frances Doble, the actress)

Miss Violet de Worms wearing a Quaker-like dress

Miss Glynn favoured one of the popular flowered chiffon frocks

PERSONALITIES ON THE COURSE

...and Prince George and the Queen are seen with General C. G. Dawes, the American Ambassador

Lord Londesborough and Lady Warrender on their way to the paddock

Miss Leonora Brooke (left), her mother, the Ranee of Sarawak, and Miss Elizabeth Brooke

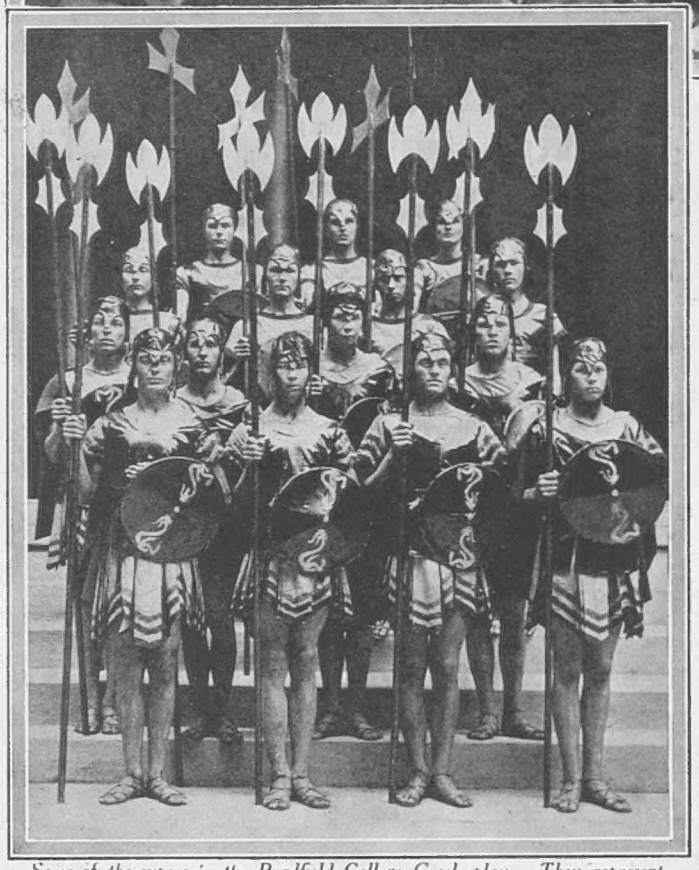
Mr. and Mrs. Drury-Lowe arriving on the course

Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt at the meeting

ASCOT IN RETROSPECT

THE GREEK PLAY AT BRADFIELD COLLEGE

Bradfield, one of the few public schools which maintains the classic tradition, possesses a Greek theatre, which is an exact copy of the one at Epidaurus, and here a Greek play has been given by the boys every summer term since 1890. Above is seen a general view of the theatre and the audience during the performance of this year's play, which was the "Antigone" of Sophocles



Some of the supers in the Bradfield College Greek play. They represent guards on duty outside the Royal Palace in Thebes, which is one of the scenes in this year's play, the "Antigone" of Sophocles, produced by Mr. C. Bellamy, one of the masters

a long one, and so obviously foreign, that we all gave it up as a bad job. Perhaps he was a secretary of one of the Embassies, and so had diplomatic immunity.

S

OTHER interesting people in the Royal Enclosure were several Guards officers who have been divorced recently. One of them came up to me and said, "I expected to be snubbed when I applied. But here I am. It must have been a mistake!" Almost the same words were repeated to me by another, who took me over to the Guards' Club tent, and added, "And it's my first year, too."

S

INCIDENTALLY, no one seems to have noticed that the late Lord Dewar earned £500 by Cameronian's success in the Derby, for this sum of money is set aside as a prize for the breeder of the winning horse. "It goes back into the jack pot," Mr. Dewar commented, "for my uncle's estate is still unsettled."

S

WHAT other vignettes of Ascot remain? Well, I passed Lord Harewood just as he was saying, "I wonder what one ought to back for the big race?" I passed Lord Churchill as he was saying, "Isn't this litter terrible?" I saw Lord Beattie talking to Lady Alexandra Haig. I saw Mr. George Doran investing 2*s.* on the Tote. I saw Lord Brougham and Vaux smoking a cigar. I saw two women lose their hats in the Royal Enclosure.

Douglas

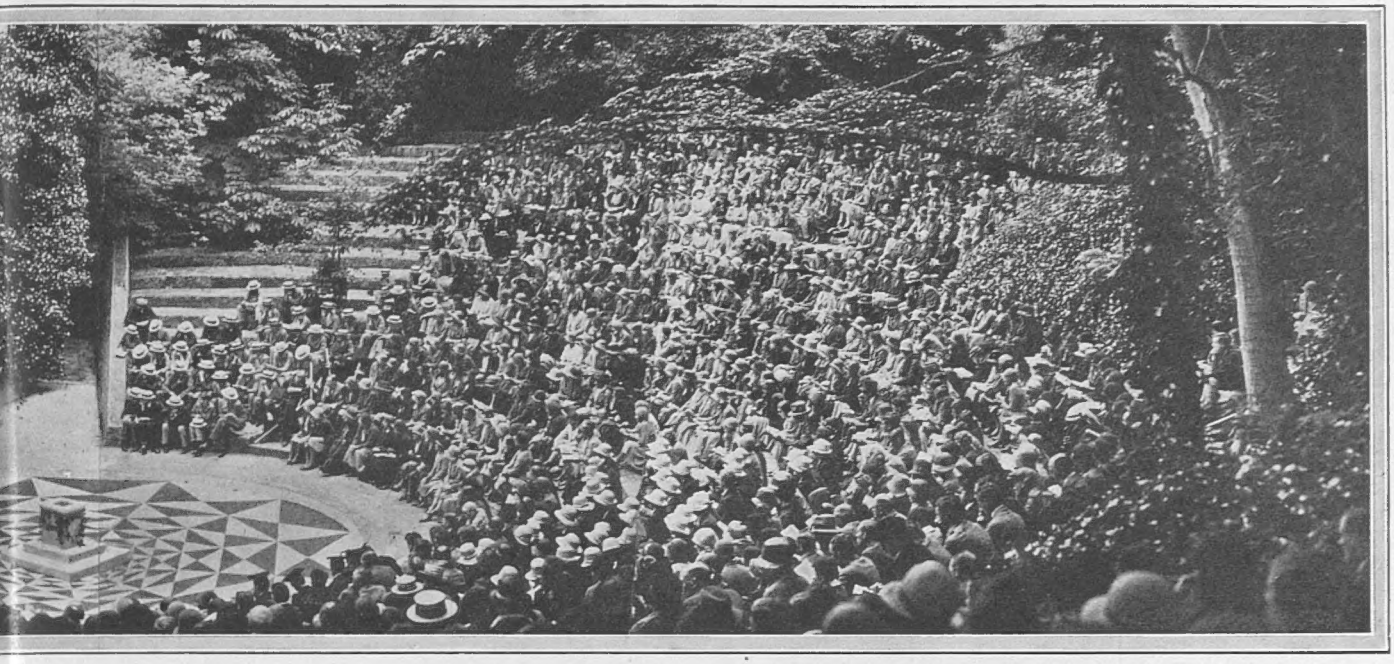
MISS AUDREY BATEMAN-CHAMPAIN

Whose engagement has been announced to Mr. Colin T. Tangye, the eldest son of Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Tangye, of St. Columb Minor, Cornwall. She is the elder daughter of Brigadier-General H. F. Bateman-Champain, C.M.G., and Lady Bateman-Champain, of Hans St., S.W.1

S

LOTS of people went on after the races to the big dance on Wednesday night at Great Fosters. Still more went to the gala ball at Poulsen's Club at Datchet. This place is doing very well indeed. The other evening there were Lord Portarlington, in the M.C.C.

MISTAKEN IDENTITIES IN THE ART WORLD



colours, and Lord Glentanar with his wife, Sir Robert Throckmorton with Miss Margaret Whigham, just before his departure for Canada in search of oil, Mr. and Mrs. Baillie Hamilton, and Mr. Peabody.

MR. PEABODY is the star turn of Poulsen's. He plays the banjo like nothing on earth. He even does the "Rhapsody in Blue" on it. He is the epitome of Whoopee, and must be completely exhausted by the end of each evening. Needless to say, he is an American, and he never stops for a minute.

Claud Harris

MRS. PHILIP KINDERSLEY

Who will represent Madame Recamier at the Famous Beauties Ball to be held at the Dorchester to-morrow, June 25. It is in aid of the Papworth Village Settlement

IT is an even chance that many, only vaguely familiar with their work, confuse the two artists, Picasso and Pissarro, just as they may with Manet and Monet, and the Sitwell tangle, Osbert and Sacheverell, and who was it thought Arnold Bennett, Lincoln Bennett, and Billy Bennett were brothers? Anyway, there is opportunity at last of clearing up the Picasso-Pissarro confusion, which seems to exist in some minds, for just now there is an exhibition of Pablo Picasso's work at the Lefevre Galleries in King Street, St. James's, and one of Camille Pissarro's pictures is also on view at the Leicester Galleries.

FIRST of all, it should be said that Pissarro is dead; he died in 1903 at the age of seventy-two, while Picasso is very much alive at the age of fifty. Picasso, who is a Spaniard, is best known as the originator of Cubism; it was he who evolved this contradiction of all recognisable forms of art as far back as 1906, and it is extremely interesting to appreciate the fact that he discarded it to return to more natural design in 1918, a time when most people were first rubbing their eyes at Cubist art, and vociferously condemning it. Cubism is dead, but Cubist influence still lives, and it is even possible to buy it on the instalment system from many of the furniture shops!

CAMILLE PISSARRO'S work

Hughes

MISS MONICA DOWNES

Whose wedding to Mr. Frank Wallace, the second son of the Rev. W. J. Wallace, of Clophill Rectory, Bedfordshire, takes place next Friday, June 26. She is the only daughter of Canon E. A. Downes, M.A., the Head Master of St. John's School, Leatherhead, and of Mrs. Downes

WITH THE CAMERA-MAN AT QUAGLINO'S

at the Leicester Galleries is simpler going. When he paints a woman there is no need to consult the catalogue to be sure of it. Pissarro was the pupil of Corot, joining up later with Monet and the impressionists. As Mr. Richard Sickert says: "This is an exhibition for those who are interested in painting and less in acrobatics." But Mr. Sickert, who is himself not entirely guiltless of a few trapeze acts with his palette and brush, would doubtless not deny that Art's variety programme would be a dull affair without the Picassos performing occasional anomalous somersaults in the artistic air.

HAVING disposed of the Pissarro-Picasso question—well, anyway, having settled it—another interesting exhibition is that of portrait busts of twenty-seven writers by Jo Davidson, the American sculptor, at

Lady Victor Paget and the Marquis de Casa Maury at the Gala Night at Quaglino's when Van Stratem and his band made their first appearance

Capt. Philip Astley and Miss Madeleine Carroll, the stage and screen star, at Quaglino's

Listening to Van Stratem and his band. Mr. Paul Rotha, the film director, and Mrs. Rotha

Lady Louis Mountbatten, who was also present at the Quaglino Gala Night

be published over here). Mr. Jo Davidson does his work very well; in fact, he makes it very much easier to look at some of these authors than to read their work.

I HEAR that in a determined effort to make the International Horse Show this year a popular entertainment, 3,000 low-priced seats are available at every performance—1,000 each at 1*s.* 2*d.*, 2*s.* 4*d.*, and 3*s.* 6*d.*—with the exception of the two gala sessions on Monday and Friday afternoons. Lord Lonsdale and his fellow-directors are anxious that everyone shall enjoy the show, and realise that it is far more than just a competition for horses and a social season event. The jumping classes alone provide all the excitement and thrills of miniature steeplechases, taken part in by leading riders of many nations with the finest and most valuable thoroughbred horses of the world. In all, nearly a thousand horses have been entered for the many classes.

NEITHER of the two spectacular items arranged for each performance has ever been seen before in the form portrayed. One is a romantic parade of historic coaches, and includes, for the first time in a public "show," a number of the most famous stage coaches of history, every one the genuine original. All are "manned" by characters of their period in costume, and the parade provides a unique spectacle impossible to witness in any other way, as many of the coaches are in private ownership, and others are scattered about museums in widely separated parts of the country. During the Show, which opened last Saturday, trophies and prizes to the value of over £7,000 will be competed for, including the world-coveted International King George V Gold Cup, the Prince of Wales's Cup, and the Duke of Connaught's Cup.

Knoedler's. They include such diverse types as Barrie and Havelock Ellis, Conrad and Conan Doyle, Shaw and Edgar Wallace, James Joyce and Somerset Maugham (who, incidentally, has had his book, "Cakes and Ale," wittily satirised in America in a volume entitled "Gin and Bitters." It is said to be written by a close relative of Mr. Maugham. I gather it will not

HORSES IT WILL PAY TO FOLLOW

RACING HINTS

By "Old Orkney"

WINALONE displayed brilliant speed to finish fourth in a field of twenty-five good class two-year-olds at Ascot. Is a very neat filly, and will win races.

PURPLE SHADOW, admirably ridden, stayed the six furlongs well at Gatwick, but just failed to catch the judge's eye. Was heavily backed.

DAPHNE was supported with confidence at Gatwick, and started second favourite. Finished second. Will pay to follow.

CREME BRULEE ran very well at Ascot, and if seen out at Sandown, he should be supported to win.

ARMAGNAC was one of the best backed horses at Ascot, and was unlucky to fail. Was badly placed when entering the straight.

BALANCE is very speedy and will win races. Should prove a safe win and place investment. Ran very gamely over five furlongs to finish second to Lone Isle.

LEAVING THE CHURCH

Mr. Francis Hugh Logan, I.C.S., and his bride, Miss Margaret Winifred Fass, leaving Holy Trinity, Kensington Gore, after their wedding last week. The bridegroom is the son of Sir Ewen and Lady Logan, of Northern Rhodesia

AN AMERICAN BRIDE

Mr. Norman H. Jones, the elder son of Sir Bertram and Lady Jones, of Selsdon Court, Sanderstead, and Miss Lois Ridley leaving St. James's Church, Sussex Gardens. The bride is the daughter of Mr. Ralph Ridley, the State Architect of Ohio

IN another part of the paper it will be seen that a portrait of Miss Ryan is published as being among the competitors in the Lawn Tennis Championships at Wimbledon. Everyone will regret that, owing to a strained Achilles tendon, this really fine player will not be appearing at Wimbledon this year. Her decision, made on doctor's orders, not to take part on the world-famous courts was only known after the page on which her portrait appears had gone to press.

A MERRY SUFFOLK WEDDING

Capt. John Edward Ridley, R.E., and his bride, Miss Edith Maude Tilley, daughter of Sir John and Lady Tilley, after their wedding at Felsham Parish Church. The bride's pet dog —complete with wedding favour—proves a good escort to the reception

A GLIDER PRIZE FOR CROSS-CHANNEL FLIGHT

Miss Barbara Cartland (Mrs. Alexander McCorquodale), the novelist, christening her new glider at Detling Aerodrome, near Maidstone. Mr. E. L. Mole, R.A.F., was expected last Saturday to win the "Daily Mail" £1,000 prize by gliding across the Channel and back, his glider first being towed in the air by a Puss Moth

GROSVENOR—MAYFAIR

MAYFAIR double-owe-four-three . . . hello, Baa . . . I've got some new eye shading which I've just been trying . . . too attractive a deep green . . . blue is completely out. . . . One has to be mysterious now, not sweet. . . . Ascot was such fun . . . much more informal than it used to be . . . all the debutantes lost their chaperons and found masculine escorts. . . . Margaret Whigham took the young prize for chic . . . and the Duchess of Portland one for smart dignity. . . .

* * *

THE fancy-dress freaks were fewer than usual except from a hairdressing point of view . . . as long ringlets seemed to be the mode in the paddock. . . . The appearance of the Royal party was a perfect answer to the people who ran about saying everyone was overdressed . . . they themselves being in coats and skirts and berets! The Duchess of York had lovely chiffon dresses and picture hats . . . so did Princess Mary . . . and the Dowager Lady Airlie wore her usual wonderful Gainsborough hats. . . .

* * *

RUBIES are becoming more and more fashionable. Sylvia Ashley has a new brooch with a cluster of round rubies surrounded by diamonds, and a bracelet to match . . . and Valerie Brougham has two lovely rubies in the centre of long diamond earrings. . . .

Vandyk

H.R.H. Princess Theodora of Greece, daughter of Prince and Princess Andrew of Greece, whose engagement is announced to Count Berthold of Baden. The Count is credited with having rendered good service to British prisoners of war in Germany

VALERIE and her sister, Essex Drury, are devoted to each other and go everywhere together . . . a great many sisters seem inseparable . . . the Ruthvens, of course . . . the Beatons . . . and the "four horsewomen" . . . the Cadogans . . . though from the four I would choose Mary Blandford and Portia Stanley as being seen together more often than the others. . . .

* * *

THERE has been great excitement over the Famous Beauties Ball . . . most women, of course, wanting to be something different from what they have been asked to be . . . the amount of women of all shapes and sizes who think they are like Cleopatra is amazing!

* * *

I SAW Varena Maxwell in Ireland the other day enjoying herself in spite of the rain. . . . Dorothy Plunkett in check tweeds was by far the smartest woman at the Grand Prix motor race, but her check was quite eclipsed by "Tim" Birkin's coat.

* * *

I LIKE the new tipped-over-one-eye hats, but not on everybody . . . piquant beauty is really required to do them justice. . . . Olive Pearce looks too attractive in a black one with a tiny yellow feather, and Averil Imeretinsky had a pale pink ribbon under hers.

* * *

JOAN BUCKMASTER is a very sweet girl, and so is Angela Brett . . . who is Zena Dare's pretty daughter. . . . Angela is working at the London Museum with her father, who is Keeper and Librarian, but she manages to find time for lots of dances . . . where she is very popular, recalling to many minds the days when no party was complete without Zena and Phyllis Dare. . . .

* * *

TELL me, Baa, why do you think that a lovely lady, who has been married twice . . . the first time to a very-much-talked-of Scottish peer . . . has held up her large bead necklace to hide her neck the last few evenings? . . . Yes, that's right. . . .

* * *

GERTRUDE LAWRENCE is looking very attractive these days . . . and she has got the most entrancing new bracelets which look like a tartan . . . as the stones are many coloured and closely set. . . . Gertie often wears grey . . . a soft frame to her vivacity. . . . She is so amusing; in fact, I think she has more sense of humour than any of her contemporary stars.

* * *

DARLING, I must love you and leave you. I have an appointment with my bank manager . . . the only man who frightens me. . . . Yes, I'm afraid so. You know what Ascot clothes cost . . . And the horses which will come in last. . . . Wish me luck. . . . Good-bye. . . .

"IF'S"—By E. T. REED

IF EPSTEIN RAN THE PARKS—A REALLY ROTTEN ROW!

IF MR. A. F. HARDIMAN, OF HAIG STATUE FAME, KEPT A LIVERY STABLE

AIDING NATURE BY CRAFT

A JUST SEW STORY

Capt. C. W. R. Knight, the well-known naturalist, "imping" a red-tailed hawk which he trained in falconry and which had badly damaged its tail feathers, reducing them to mere stumps. "Imping" is the process of sewing feathers on to the stumps with waxed thread, and, thanks to the tail feathers of a stuffed fellow red-tail, the hawk is now back at work and as fit as ever it was

A YOUNG CROCS' RACE —TO FREEDOM

Mme. Crabisch, the Curator of Reptiles in the Jardin d'Acclimatation, Paris, with two baby crocodiles struggling to escape from their shells. She has charge of 1,000 crocodiles, whose ages range from a year to seventy-five years, but up to date has escaped the "gently smiling jaws" of her charges

FOX POPULI

Miss Anna Neagle, the actress, with Capt. Packe and three of the valuable cubs which he is breeding at his Virginia Silver Fox Farm near Bletchley. The cubs seen here, which are valued at £220, are regarding Miss Neagle's fur with an "alas! my poor brother" look

LAWN TENNIS

ENGLAND'S HOPES AT WIMBLEDON

BY "THE MAN ON THE LINE"

F. J. Perry and G. P. Hughes (left) with J. Van Ryn and G. M. Lott, the Americans, who beat them in the semi-finals of the French Championships last month. Both pairs are playing in the doubles at Wimbledon, and the two Americans opposed each other in the final of last year's doubles, when they were partnered by W. Allison and J. H. Doeg respectively

THE BYSTANDER has always kept a sympathetic eye on lawn tennis from the days when it was not the world-wide pursuit it is to-day, and when the Press as a whole ignored the doings of the players except, perhaps, at Wimbledon time.

NOWADAYS every daily newspaper features lawn tennis all the year round, but with a few notable exceptions, I believe, it would be better for the game if so much space was not devoted to it, for much that one reads is not only silly but positively nauseating. The lawn tennis Pressman on a daily paper—with some notable exceptions—must always be looking out for a "stunt." Something to shriek about is what he seeks, and, as personalities are far more likely to catch the eye than reasoned remarks upon the game, we find, inter alia, the glorification of certain players, who receive as much publicity as if they were cinema stars, or a murdered demi-mondaine in America.

ANOTHER stunt of the Press writer, who must be always glorifying or abusing somebody or something, is to attack the Lawn Tennis Association which, as the parent body of the game, has done its work faithfully and well.

WE have of late passed through lean years, but that is not the fault of the L.T.A., and it is absurd to suggest that the promising young player has been discouraged by its methods. Credit should be given where credit is deserved, and the hopeful outlook for the future of English Lawn Tennis is due to the way in which talent has been unearthed and encouraged.

ENCOURAGEMENT is easy, but finding young good 'uns is far more difficult; and yet at long last, I believe, we have some young men who will revive the glories of the Lawn Tennis past for Great Britain. Whether one of our men will carry off the singles championships at Wimbledon this year it is impossible to say, but at all events we have a chance, whereas a few years ago if there was one Englishman in the last eight it was really a very pleasant surprise!

IT may be a bit invidious to weigh up one player against another, yet when I watch them play I always feel that our No. 2 in F. J. Perry, though beaten by No. 1 in the Davis Cup trials, is the better player.

FOR one thing Perry possesses a better physique than our No. 1

(Continued on page 640)

Miss Joan Ridley, one of the most attractive British women players, who in 1930 reached the last eight at Wimbledon, when she was somewhat easily beaten by Mme. Mathieu

INTERNATIONAL PLAY AT WIMBLEDON: BRIT

V. G. Kirby, the South African player, who so nearly beat H. W. Austin in the recent Davis Cup match. He is a hard hitter with a great variety of shots

J. Satoh, who represented Japan against us in the Davis Cup. The Champion of Japan, he is a tactician who is often successful in making the other man play the game he dictates

Miss Elizabeth Ryan, one of the finest doubles players in the world, and Miss Betty Nuthall, who with Mrs. Fearnley-Whittingstall, her Wimbledon partner, won the doubles in Paris recently

H. Cochet, the "little man from Lyons." One of the most formidable of the French contingent, he was surprisingly beaten by G. P. Hughes at Milan this year

H. Satoh, another of Japan's Davis Cup team who is playing at Wimbledon this year, is no relation of his compatriot, J. Satoh. He is partnering the tall Irish player, G. Lyttleton Rogers, in the Men's Doubles and Miss M. A. Thomas in the Mixed

H. W. Austin, Number One of the British "hopes" at Wimbledon this year. He proved in the recent Davis Cup matches that his stamina and fighting spirit have improved greatly

ISH AND OVERSEAS COMPETITORS OF FAME

Miss Helen Jacobs, the best of the American women playing at Wimbledon. She ranks sixth in the Ladies' "First Ten" of the World, and may prove a thorn in the side of English women

G. P. Hughes, who plays with his head as well as with his racket, and Christian Boussus, the Frenchman, who ranks third in France, and the best player that country has produced for years

Mme. Mathieu, France's best woman player at Wimbledon. She ranks number five in the World's "First Ten." A semi-finalist last year

Jean Borotra, "The Bounding Basque." He had a terrific battle with Tilden last year in the semi-final before losing the fifth set at 7-5 and is "The Bystander's" "nap selection" for the singles this year

F. J. Perry makes a slip. He has come to the fore with extraordinary rapidity, and his method of hitting the ball quickly on the rise combined with his great volleying powers make him a formidable opponent for any player living

Mrs. Fearnley-Whittingstall, who recently won the Women's Doubles Championship in Paris with Miss Betty Nuthall. Formerly Miss Eileen Bennett, she has long been a great favourite with the Wimbledon crowds

Photograph by Dorothy Wilding

ENGLAND'S HOPES AT WIMBLEDON (continued from page 637)

Dr. J. C. Gregory in action. Though playing little serious tennis, he has got back into form and recently beat J. S. Olliff in the final of the singles at Beckenham

BUT these two are not our only hopes. We have in G. P. Hughes another young player who is capable of giving a fright to the best, and who adds strategy to a wide variety of strokes. Did he not recently beat the redoubtable Cochet at Milan? And what about Dr. Gregory, who has been showing good form lately? Here also is another English player of the bulldog breed who, anyhow, will die game.

WELL, with this little lot at Wimbledon as our vanguard I venture the hope that we shall do well, especially as France, holders of the Davis Cup and the champion country, is not quite so strong as she used to be. She has lost Lacoste, for instance, whom I consider the D'Artagnan of her three musketeers. Crochet, the inimitable, who has a genius for making winners from every position in court except the right one, was beaten in an early round last year, and has not so far shown he is in his best form. If he is, look out for squalls!

H. W. Austin, and that means a deuce of a lot in a five set match. For another, I think he possesses greater belligerence. Austin this year has acquired more stamina and improved his fighting spirit as was evident in his Davis Cup match against the young South African, Vernon Kirby, who may well become a world beater. To save umpteen match points requires determination!

BUT Austin, when playing, always reminds me of a very delicate piece of mechanism which may at any moment cease to function effectively. A bit of grit is so liable to get in somewhere! His style is classic and of the Doherty model, but, longing as I am to see an Englishman win the championship once again, it is with something of relief that I hear game set and match called and see Austin walk victorious off the court.

Miss Mary Heeley, a young player who is rapidly improving. Her strong points are her steadiness, her mobility and her inexhaustible energy

Little but good. Miss Phyllis Mudford, who more than makes up in speed and severity of hitting for what she lacks in inches, is often able to prove a "giant killer"

BOROTRA—ah! here is the danger to my mind—if he concentrates on lawn tennis during the Wimbledon fortnight and does not rush on to court (and about it) after flying straight from Paris, where he has had a little real business to attend to, he may win again this year, even though Perry did beat him in Paris recently, and Austin also has Borotra's scalp fastened to his belt.

FRANCE also looks expectantly at Christian Boussus, by far the best youngster she has produced in the last few years. A formidable trio, assuredly, but not the unbeatables France possessed a few years ago. Next to France the greatest danger to home players comes, as usual, from America. We know, and have a wholesome respect for her Lott and Van Ryn, for they were finalists last year in the men's doubles on opposite sides of the net, while this year, as partners, they won the doubles championship in Paris. I think this pair may win at Wimbledon But America has no "Big Bill" Tilden this time to carry off the singles, and his 'verting to professionalism means the last has been seen of him at Wimbledon—more's the pity!

TO take his place, though not, I think, to fill his shoes, we have two youngsters, Sydney Wood and F. X. Shields, who have yet to make their mark at Wimbledon. They may do it this year, even though they are youngsters, but I have my doubts.

"THE ABC OF THE WOMEN PLAYERS"
by Mrs. Satterthwaite
will be found on page 666

WITH luck in the draw and luck on the court having a fair share in the game, it is exceedingly dangerous to attempt to pick winners, but if I could get big odds on the singles I would not mind having a modest sum on Borotra and Perry, and have another bet on one of the Americans *after seeing them in action*, and some of the innocents in the seeded draw have been slaughtered.

AS for our women I really don't know what to say. They beat each other with such unfailing regularity every time they meet that it is almost impossible to get a true line to form, and I sympathise most sincerely with those responsible for the picking of the Wightman Cup team, who have the devil's very own job to face!

IT is for this very reason that I do not care to nominate any home player as winner of the women's singles at Wimbledon this year, but now that there is no Mrs. Wills-Moody to carry all before her, I will plump for Fräulein Cilly Aussem carrying off the championship in 1931. Last year, before having to retire hurt, she had taken a love set off Miss Ryan and beaten Miss Jacobs 6—2, 6—1! Should she win, a German name will be inscribed on the championship cup for the first time.

FILM NOTES

MOTHERS-IN-LAW AND SEX APPEAL

By Lionel Collier

The worm turns! Charles Paton, as the hen-pecked husband in "My Wife's Family," a new B.I.P. picture, asserts himself. Muriel Angelus and Gene Gerrard are seen in the centre background

NEXT to "sex appeal," comedy is the big stand-by of the cinema producer. I can imagine a conversation in which one celluloid lord says: "Wal, bo', what'll we give 'em next?" "Sex appeal," says the other; "sex appeal hot and strong. The poor little girl with allure who takes a fur coat from the rich man and finds she has been taken wrongly."

"Sez you!" emphasises producer Number One. "We've given 'em that before." "Wal, didn't they eat it? If they eats it once they'll eat it again, especially if we giv'em Greta Garbhead and Farrell Colbox in the leading rôles."

"Sez you!" (sorry about this expression, but it helps the atmosphere). If I were as famous a critic as say—well, never mind, fill in the blank yourself—I should say "Sez I."

"What about a comedy? We can get S. A. in that and then some. Same sausage, but different overcoat."

"Great," replies producer Number One; "look up the files and select a plot—somethin' with mothers-in-law, babies and banana skins in it."

"O.K., chief." This I understand is the correct termination to any interview with a film magnate.

That is America that was. But you would hardly expect the same thing over here. But even if you did not, you will get it.

HENCE, I suppose, in trite emulation of America's formula of sex plus sex and comedy plus sex, we have comedy plus suggestiveness in "My Wife's Family," a British picture.

Our sense of humour must be failing us, because we have to get an American producer at Elstree to put in the suggestiveness and an American comedian to write up the gags.

"MY Wife's Family" is, in fact, a "mother-in-law" knock-about trying to be a farce, produced by Monte Banks, an American, and livened up in script by Fred Duprez, also Transatlantic.

The pièce de résistance lies in the scene where said mother-in-law misunderstands her sixteen-year-old daughter—Dodo Watts has this difficult part of looking very youthful—and concludes she is striving to be a successful prostitute, whereas she is really striving to be a dramatic actress.

Another main situation is when a husband and wife misunderstand each other about a baby and a baby grand—you can imagine the resulting dialogue.

Vanda Greville, having found appreciation in France, is now starring in a Gaumont picture, "A Gentleman of Paris," directed by Sinclair Hill. In it she is dressed by well-known Rue de la Paix houses, and is seen above wearing pyjamas designed by Schiaparelli

But, seriously, this sort of stuff is enough to make one despair of British productions. The only relief is that it has taken an American to dig up the old bones and clothe them with a suggestiveness which is as offensive at it is unfunny.

Cannot we do something ourselves in the way of bright farce? Be daring if we like, but avoid like the plague this blatant and unappetising vulgarity.

They have used Gene Gerrard very badly in casting him in the part of the mother-in-law-ridden husband because he is an excellent comedian, and quite unsuited to this broad and unadulterated rubbish. He has subtlety, and subtlety is right out of place in a subject of this kind.

Realistic settings on an airship which is blown to pieces in its attempt to reach the South Pole. Jack Holt, as the Commander, inspects the havoc of the storm in "Dirigible," the new film at the Tivoli

A typical American touch is indicated by the rose-embowered slogan, "South Pole or Bust." A scene from "Dirigible" showing Fay Wray and Ralph Graves

Muriel Angelus, an English actress who has charm and ability, is also lost in the general welter of imbecilities.

S

SEVERAL famous people have tried to reach the South Pole, but it has taken a film producer to get us there twice in the course of a two hours' entertainment.

"Dirigible," the new picture at the Tivoli, takes us to this desired Elysium once by aeroplane and once by dirigible in that time.

As a story it is incredibly foolish, but as a spectacle it is excellent. We get most vivid aerial sequences, and even the South Pole itself looks convincing.

But intertwined with the story of adventure is one which deals with a woman who decides to get divorced from her husband because he is too pleased with the crowd's plaudits and leaves her to get this applause.

She even goes to the length of writing a note to him, which is only to be opened at the South Pole, in which she says that by the time he reads it she will be seeking a divorce in Paris and is intending to marry his best friend.

Jack Holt is this best friend. He believes in dirigibles, and is allowed to rescue Ralph Graves, the husband, who has crashed at the Pole in an aeroplane.

Both of them are excellent, and I feel that Fay Wray would also be charming as the heroine if she had not been made to be so extraordinarily stupid. L. C.

Norma Shearer, the delightful star of "Let Us Be Gay," scored yet another triumph recently at the Empire with Robert Montgomery in "Strangers May Kiss." Norma Shearer is one of the silent stars who has proved particularly successful in talkies

THE LAST OF THEIR LINE

LADY REGULA THRUSTER

By D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

Illustrated by W. DE GROOT

UNLIKE the majority of English patricians, Lady Regula Thruster has never really taken kindly to newspaper life. Some fifteen years in the hunting field had given her a rich complexion, a taste for cherry brandy, and a good carrying voice, but in Fleet Street there is not a great deal of scope for these, and her "At the Keyhole" social gossip feature in the *Daily Howl* had for some time been a source of misgiving rather than delight. Such openings as:

"Saw that dam feller Monolith dining last night at Expiro's, obviously tight. Everybody knows which side of the blanket this red-faced shyster was born, and they tell me——"

—such openings often flowered next morning in a writ for libel, and Lady Regula's editor had indeed lost his reason and gone into a nursing-home shortly after her engagement. Eventually her proprietor, Lord Roneo, solved the problem by attaching two tame solicitors to Lady Regula, the one to correct the other. She called them Fortnum and Mason, and would often stand laughingly over them while they anxiously examined her "copy" and altered such phrases as "completely cock-eyed" to "in merry mood." Lord Roneo liked her personally, and her introductions were not to be despised either. When she met him in the corridors of the *Daily Howl* she would give him a hearty smack on the back. "Bit of a ratcatcher," she said of him in social circles, "but lousy with dough."

Rival social gossip writers liked her, too. While their titles were not quite so ancient and historic as hers—her paternal great-great-grandfather, founder of her line, had been a City solicitor, who had foreclosed, under George II—they knew rather more about the inner workings of Mayfair than she did, and they would indulgently set her right about prominent people, telling her exactly who had run away with whom and exactly why So-and-So owed his valet so much money. But the life of a social gossip writer is very short. Some are run over, some succumb to the free meals in fashionable restaurants, some are killed by the subjects of their paragraphs, some just run away as far as they can from Fleet Street and stay there. So, little by little, the cheerful band dwindled, as people began more and more to write their own paragraphs, until one day Lady Regula, going down to a country house for the week-end, found that she and the butler were the only social journalists present. Over a bottle of Pol Roger in the pantry they discussed the situation.

"Over a bottle of Pol Roger in the pantry they discussed the situation"

"And where's old Slimy?" asked Lady Regula, chewing her cigarette.

"His Lordship," said the butler, "had the misfortune to have his ear shot off at Snark Castle a month ago. During a lull in a private Cabinet meeting the Prime Minister pulled out a pistol and took a shot at the key-hole of the door leading to the servants' quarters. Just for fun, as it were. His Lordship was—ahem—on the other side."

"Too bad," said Lady Regula, sipping.

"I'm giving up journalism myself," said the butler.

"The devil you are," said Lady Regula, staring. "Whatever for?"

The butler explained that a publisher had offered him a stiffish sum for his memoirs, which were to be printed privately by subscription. Lady Regula screwed her eyegless in more firmly and contemplated him with dismay.

"Then, damn it," she said, "I'm the last of the gang?"

"You said it, sister," said the butler, who was an Oxford M.A.

Pause.

"Incidentally," said Lady Regula, lighting a fresh cigarette, "who owns this house?"

"Just before dinner," said the butler, yawning, "you'll see a sort of little stout tick with a black moustache fussing about the cocktails. Take no notice of him whatsoever. He's the owner. Remind me to tell you something about him."

"Well, here's round your neck," said Lady Regula, lifting her glass.

* * * *

NEXT morning Lady Regula strolled into the library and found her host there.

"Hullo," she said indifferently.

She went to a writing table, took a sheaf of crested

"Lord Roneo solved the problem by attaching two tame solicitors to Lady Regula, the one to correct the other"

"I hope you don't mind, but I've got rather a spicy par about you"

notepaper, lit a cigarette, and began to write.

"Lord Gonfalon, the glue man" (she wrote), "who has a terrible sort of fake-mediæval place in Surrey, entertained a party over the week-end. Terrible people. It may not be generally known that Lord Gonfalon is the only man who has ever had the luck to double-cross 'Fishy' Flathers, of Threadneedle Street, who floated the dud Congo Loan, and to get away with it. I believe——"

"How d'you spell 'believe'?" she asked her host, frowning.

"Ring for a secretary," said Lord Gonfalon.

Lady Regula polished her eyeglass thoughtfully.

"I say," she said, "I hope you don't mind, but I've got rather a spicy par about you."

"Show," said Lord Gonfalon briefly, holding out a podgy hand. He read the paragraph, put the sheet of paper down, and took out a cheque-book, suppressing a yawn.

"How much?"

"How much what?"

"You're a social gossip writer, aren't you?" asked Lord Gonfalon irritably. "How much for not printing?"

Lady Regula stared at him.

"D'you know," she said, "I never thought of that! I shall never be any good at this foul job." She laughed.

"Do that again," said Lord Gonfalon quickly.

"Do what?"

"That whinnying noise."

"I suppose you're going to say I remind you of a favourite horse you once lost?"

"Yes," he said, nodding eagerly. A sudden change had come over the man. His eyes were shining. There were tears in them. His face was almost tender. Lady Regula looked at him again, and felt a strange catch at her heart. A man who loved a dead horse like that must have some good in him, glue notwithstanding.

"Right ho!" she said at length, and laughed again loudly.

"By gosh, that's great," said Lord Gonfalon, sinking into a chair. "That's just great! . . . Exactly the same tone in the upper register!"

Pause.

"What was his name?" asked Lady Regula.

"Pompey II," said her host, shading his eyes.

There was a silence. Then Lady Regula took her paragraph and deliberately tore it up.

"Can I have a car?" she said. "There's a train back to town at 12.10."

"Listen," said Lord Gonfalon brusquely, "you'll never be any good at social journalism. You haven't the knack. I wonder if you'd marry me instead?" He paused. His eyes filled with tears. "I loved that horse like my own brother," he added simply.

Lady Regula bit her lip and meditated.

"Right ho," she said, "but I'll have to send my editor something for the last time. . . What about some of the too terrible people staying here?"

Lord Gonfalon touched a bell. The butler appeared.

"Gainsborough, you will give Lady Regula the full dossier concerning Sir Henry Bulge, Mrs. Golightly, Canon Boom, and the lady with the fluffy hair in the Pink Room. I forget her name."

"Very good, my lord."

"After which you will warn every guest in this house that the train for town leaves at 12.10, that cars will be ready, and that those who refuse to leave will be ejected by force."

"Very good, my lord."

"And I hope, Gainsborough, you will be fair to Lady Regula and not keep back all the juicy bits for your own book."

"Certainly not, my lord."

With a finger Lord Gonfalon dismissed him, and turned to his betrothed.

"Now laugh," he said, closing his eyes.

D. B. W. L.

"A FORTUNE-TELLER said I should go to prison for embezzling money."

"Don't you believe it. Who would entrust money to you?"

* * *

"WHY were you kept in at school, Tommy?"

"I didn't know where the Azores were, Dad."

"Well, in future just remember where you put things."

ST. OSYTH'S MILL, BY CEDRIC MORRIS

One of the attractive pictures at the Press and Pictorial Advertising Exhibition of the Shell Company. This exhibition, which is at the New Burlington Galleries in New Burlington Gardens, remains open until next Saturday, June 27

BY VICTOR HICKS

Airs and graces, heirs and races
On a course by sunshine lit ;
And when Pippa proudly passes,
With what joy we raise our glasses
To our winning favourite.

IN 'Feu-Follet,' their new, exclusive perfume for the modern woman, Roger & Gallet introduce an exquisite addition to the famous perfumes of which they are creators—Pourpre d'Orient, Le Jade, Pavots d'Argent. Roger & Gallet are proprietors also of the original Eau de Cologne . . . Jean Marie Farina.

Feu-Follet is priced at—

Perfume ...	12/6 & 23/6	*Talc*	1/9 & 3/-
Powder	3/6	*Bath Salts* ...	3/6 & 6/6
Soap: 4 - per box of 3 Tablets		*Lotions* ...	10/- & 14/6

And in spite of the fact that 'Feu-Follet' is an exclusive perfume made by a famous Parisien house, blended from rare and costly essences . . . it has been found possible to make up a dainty small bottle for the handbag for as little as - 3/6.

ROGER & GALLET
PARIS

if Sossip we must

Sasha

Some fair bathers who were not slow to sample the delights of the recently opened swimming pool at the Hungaria River Club at Maidenhead, situated just across Maidenhead Bridge on one of the most delightful reaches of the river. Besides the bathing pool, there is an illuminated glass dancing floor in the garden, and, if it be cold or wet, an excellent indoor ballroom

EXCELLENT service is being rendered by Lord Beaverbrook in his publication of his diary dealing with the downfall of Asquith and the revelation of the truth of the War crisis—service, that is to say, to all who are not in favour of secret diplomacy, whether in external or internal politics. Incidentally, from the journalistic point of view, the publication is a good move, and makes first-rate reading.

BUT the diary is concerned only with the culmination of much that had been in preparation for quite a long time. Asquith, for instance, was discredited, as a political leader, before there was even a rumour of war. Lloyd George's political record is quite as unhappy. Whatever part the Wizard of Wales (temporarily dropping his "Mizpah Heights" form of oratory) had in securing the victory, there is another achievement to be put down to him—that of smashing the Liberal Party. What remains of Liberalism, once so powerful, is now not a party at all, but part of a conspiracy, the most undignified conspiracy in recent history.

WHEN conspirators fall out there is hope. There would be still more hope of good resulting from the growing tendency of the Labour-Liberal alliance to become unstuck if the Conservatives were blessed with a leader able to take advantage of the enemy's discomfiture. For that discomfiture undoubtedly exists. I do not believe the optimistic Socialist prophets who declare that the Government will last until the autumn of next year. I do not believe it will last one-half as long as that.

Miss Phyllis Konstam, the film star, who is engaged to Mr. "Bunny" Austin, one of England's brightest Wimbledon hopes, with her Dalmatian, Briton. Although she will be watching her fiancé playing in the Championships, it is doubtful whether she will "stand back and give the dog a chance to see the 'Bunny'"

DAILY the Socialists are becoming more unpopular, and their sneaking out of taking the advice of the Commission on the Dole, which they themselves set up, has made them merely ridiculous. Their wriggles on this point have resulted in their having as little dignity as the Liberals—and the fall of Liberalism is about the greatest landslide in our political annals. But where is the Conservative leader capable of using such a situation to the country's advantage, and, what is infinitely less important, to his own?

AGAIN I would answer—Mr. Winston Churchill. Winston has

spoken his mind over India, and at the same time shown that he has a mind capable of grappling with the case. India is a world problem. She cannot solve the problem for herself. England must solve it, partly because she has put her hand to the plough, and cannot (or should not) turn back, and partly because she is the only nation with ideals such as "shouldering the white man's burden" as part of her tradition. There is nothing priggish in such a claim.

What are America's ideals? Were they anything but self-interest we would have been at this moment applauding her gesture on the question of debt and reparation adjustment. But America has chosen to look not an inch beyond her own nose; as the result she has missed a big chance, and is at last in just as bad a financial mess herself into the bargain.

France is utterly self-centred. So is Italy. Germany is still licking her wounds. Spain has internal troubles of her own. Russia is the mad dog of the world, and, so far from bearing others burdens, is openly intent on adding to them.

Cæsar's Legions (right) opposed by wild Britons as they appeared in the recent Aldershot-cum-Tom Shaw Tattoo. Judging from the look of the Romans no wonder Lucan asserted that Cæsar and his Legions "showed frightened backs to the Britons he had sought!"

MR. D. R. JARDINE

England's new skipper, who will lead her eleven against the New Zealanders in the Test Match at Lord's on Saturday next. He graduated via Westminster, Oxford and Surrey, and has already proved his worth as a Test cricketer by the centuries he scored in Australia

INDIA will be hell let loose if left to herself. What else is England to do but to struggle along with her task, in spite of Socialist mischief-makers at home and a far too dumb European community on the spot? That task will never be easy; but until Master Gandhi's wings have been clipped and those in authority exercise a little firmness in their dealings with him one might as well plough the sands.

By Bertram Prance

PEPPERY PARTNER: "Confound it all, what's the matter now? Mosquitoes?"

Boadicea (or Boudicca, according to some authorities) "leading her undisciplined army upon Camulodunum in the Tattooed picture given at Aldershot. This "undisciplined army," incidentally, almost beat the Romans out of Britain

DOUBTLESS, some of us are financially crumbling a bit after Ascot. But, as we had reason to discuss some little time ago, sporting chances of any sort are strongly denounced by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, who considers that sweepstakes are a sign that not a mere bank balance, but civilisation itself, is entered for the crumbling stakes. There must be a lot of crumbling overdue in the Blackpool Labour Party, who have organised what they call a "Subscribers' St. Leger Rally." The numbered tickets are identical in type with those of the familiar Derby sweeps, and—here's the point—15 per cent. of the total amount subscribed is to be devoted to the funds of the Labour Party.

IF the Premier is to be consistent, and at the same time to keep his house clean, he must order the Blackpudlians to get on with building a new world without the aid of things that make him "almost despair, and give the feeling that surely civilisation must be crumbling."

NOWADAYS the average lawn-tennis player has as little chance of his entry being accepted at Wimbledon as for a camel to go through the eye of a needle; but in pre-War times any entry was accepted. This on one occasion led to a somewhat quaint match. A first-class player met an unknown, and won the first two sets 6—0, 6—0. Out of the kindness of his heart he tried to throw away a game in the third, but failed in the attempt. The slaughter concluded over a drink; the winner, out of curiosity, asked his opponent if he often played in tournaments. "No," was the reply, "this is my first, but I live at Wimbledon, you see, and I thought it only right to support local enterprise!"

I ATTENDED a pleasant little luncheon party the other day in honour of Signor Romano Romani, the composer of *Fedra*, Covent Garden's

Elsa Palmer, the principal comedienne in the revival of "The Desert Song" at the Alhambra, which is now in its last week, has been scoring heavily with the "It" Girl number which she sings with John E. Coyle. A South African, she won ten gold medals at the Cape Town Eistedfodds and in London was a pupil of the great Ceccheti, with the result that her dancing in "Follow Through" and "Rio Rita" won her considerable success

LEST WE FORGET

Now that Wimbledon draws near we offer a brief Who Was Who of some of our women players who, now they are married, appear under names which seem to be unfamiliar to many who will make their annual pilgrimage to the Championships.

MRS. Fearnley-Whittingstall
Before she wed was known to all
As Eileen Bennett when she went
To play in any Tournament,
Whilst Mrs. Godfree used to sport
As Miss McKane upon the court,
And Mrs. Moody gave us thrills
Galore when she was Helen Wills.

Mrs. Covell was formerly
That well-known star Miss Howkins (P.)
And Miss May Sutton proudly shone
At many Wimbledons now gone
Until she wed and changed her name
And Mrs. Bundy she became.
(Those in Life's Autumn always say
They still cannot forget their May).

The Peggy Saunders trim and neat
Who trod the courts with wingéd feet
As Mrs. Mitchell now is known,
Whilst "Bunny" Austin's sister, Joan,
Is Mrs. Randolph Lycett, and
All tennis "fans" must understand
That Mrs. Pittman, for her part,
Was Elsie Goldsack at the start.

But whether you be wed or not
We wish good luck to all the lot.
May linesmen give decisions right
And net-cord shots not spoil a fight.
Without your presence here to-day
Our courts would not look half so gay,
So here's your health, and I opine all
Of you should be in every Final!

B. W.

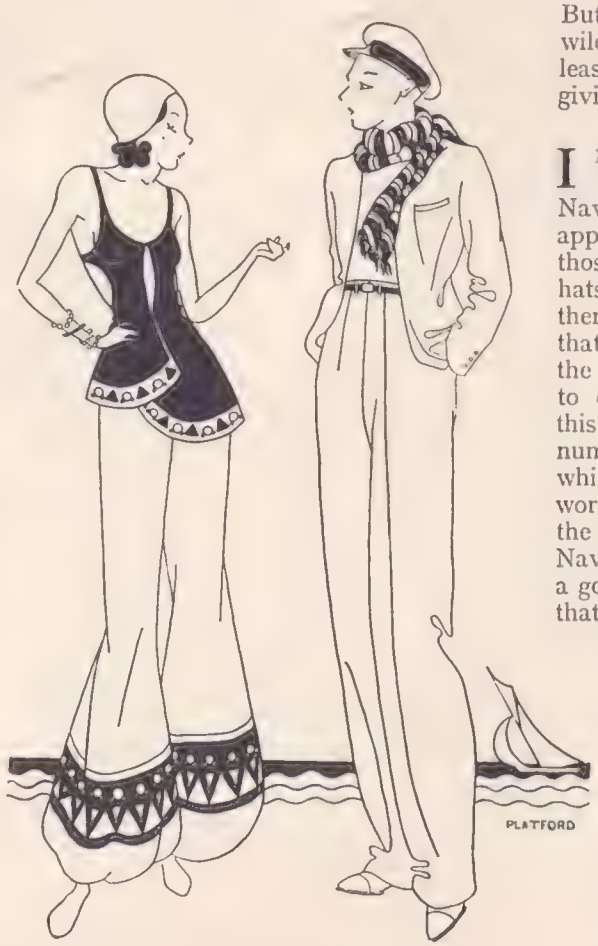
BEAUTIES AND THE BEAST

Some International Beauty Queens who, strangely enough, really are beautiful—which is why we publish this photograph—on the roof of their New York hotel, where they stayed whilst en route to Galveston, Texas, for the great contest to choose "Miss Universe." Seen above, from left to right, are the Misses Denmark, Belgium, Sweden, France, Austria, Norway and Germany, with "Dinah," belonging to Miss France

new opera. Signor Romani speaks very little English, in spite of the fact that he has spent a long time in America, but his hands are enormously expressive, and he has magnetic Mussolini-like eyes. He and Cesare Formichi, the baritone, told me of how, during a rather too realistic rehearsal of *Fedra*, they nearly strangled a tenor. I have often felt like that myself.

THE composer had just paid a visit, with Signor Serafin, to one of London's most successful revues. "I understan' notta one worda," he said, "but verra mooch I laugh." Which is, after all, entirely the proper spirit in which to approach a revue.

TALKING of singers, Richard Tauber's return to *The Land of Smiles* was a triumphant business, with all sorts of celebrities present at Drury Lane, including Lady Louis Mountbatten, Sir Philip Sassoon, Mme. Nikitina, the dancer, and "bright young people" by the platoon. Tauber is a superb singer—of that there is no doubt. But I wonder how many of those who applauded him realised that on this occasion he was hardly singing at all. He gave his encores very charmingly and very softly, and it was all most effective. But I never once heard him really let himself go "all out," and the whole performance on this occasion seemed to me, clever and enjoyable though it was, not at all unlike a rehearsal.



"You're no gentleman!"
"Well, you're no blonde!"

IF "at another place" a tenor had gone through a performance of *La Bohême* or *Rigoletto* in this fashion, there would have been terrible ructions from the gallery. But at the Lane the gallery went wild with joy, so I do not in the least blame Herr Tauber for giving them what they want.

I HAVE just heard of a group of youths anxious to join the Navy, who were grievously disappointed because they found that those little round white pork-pie hats would not be served out to them. They honestly thought that this distinguishing badge of the American Navy belonged also to ours. Why did they think this? Because they had seen innumerable American films in which the hero and others had worn these hats. America realises the necessity of boosting her Navy for all it is worth (and for a good deal more), with the result that the typical sailor in the eyes of the whole world is now the American sailor. Our own Navy is rather too much of "the silent service"; at one time considered a virtue. But when other nations are propagandising themselves puce in the face, with America screaming louder than all the rest put together, it is time the Admiralty and our British film producers had a little talk about things.

"THE SURVIVOR'S STORY" by A. D. McCORMICK.

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT

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PLAYTIME AT POURVILLE: ON TH

Visitors to Pourville, the delightful holiday resort on the Normandy coast near Dieppe, can never complain that there is no to woo Dame Fortune at the tables in the Casino of the Grand Hotel, to play golf on the fine Dieppe links, to indulge in there at hand. Pourville is reached from

BY HOUGHTON

THE PLAGE OF THE GRAND HOTEL

ere is nothing to do, for whether one's inclination is to bathe in the fine pool seen above or in the English Channel near by, ndulge in tennis on the Hotel courts, to play polo, to visit the races or to tread a measure in the ballroom, the opportunity is -hed from London via Dieppe in a few hours

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HELEN

"WHO'S going to play bridge?" Clive Denshaw enquired of his house-party. "What about you, George?"

"I shouldn't be a fit partner for anyone," George pleaded. "A drowsy numbness pains my sense."

"Then empty fewer dull opiates to the drains," Lydia Denshaw suggested, adding for her husband's benefit, "Poetry. Keats."

"It may be poetry," Clive admitted doubtfully, "but it's certainly an insult to a devilish good port. George, please yourself."

"Only a man with an exceptionally strong imagination could conceive of George doing anything else," Lydia drawled.

"You're a hard woman, Lydia," George retorted, "and why I have any regard for you is a mystery even to me. In spite of your gibes I shall now repair to the smoking-room, where I can meditate on the losses of your successive partners in peace."

With immense dignity, since he had disturbing and well-founded doubts as to his ability to walk straight, he set off in search of his favourite sofa. On reaching it, he sank gratefully into its depths and gave himself up to the pleasures of reflection.

George, Viscount Scardon, at the age of thirty-five, was one of those most dangerous of mortals, an attractive rake. Women who had tried to allure him, and failed, declared him to be the most selfish man in England; but those who had tried, and succeeded, swore that to a handsome presence he added a pretty wit and a generous disposition. Since neither of these schools of thought can be regarded as wholly free from bias, it may well be that the truth lay somewhere between the two.

In the gloomy isolation of the unlighted smoking-room scarcely half an inch of ash had appeared on George's cigar when his meditations were interrupted. There was the faint click of an opening door, followed by the soft swish of a woman's dress: then once more silence

"Who is it?" George enquired without looking round, "the suspense is unbearable."

"It's only Joan, darling," came the reply, almost in a whisper.

"Don't 'only' me," George retorted severely. "You're a dangerous woman, Joan Silvany, and never 'only.' Moreover, allow me to point out that the gentlemen's smoking-room is no place for ladies."

"But I'm not quite a lady, so that makes it all right. And I'm most devastatingly bored."

"Go and get that husband of yours to play with you."

"Hylton is extremely busy explaining to Lydia that a revoke is an Act of God and liable to happen to anyone."

"And Lydia . . . ?"

"Is equally busy rejecting the explanation."

"Clearly an occasion for you to be at Hylton's side."

"I assure you that Hylton isn't feeling at all uxorious."

George sat up. "So you thought you'd find me, tell me that it's a perfectly heavenly night, and invite me to walk with you in the garden."

"I have always said you were a really clever person," Joan murmured, and turned to switch on the lights.

SHEATHED in the black dress that Monsieur Marcel Vallon had esteemed it an honour to create for her, she stood revealed as a woman of infinite attraction and charm. Slim and boyish as was her figure, the grace of her movements was wholly feminine. Her hair, almost flaxen in its fairness, crowned a face remarkable for its deep blue eyes—eyes that by their apparent innocence had caused honourable men to forget their honour and discreet men their discretion.

At the sight of her George sighed. "Come and sit beside me on the sofa, Joan Silvany," he said, "and don't try your bewitching tricks on me."

She smiled, accepting his invitation graciously but with no unbecoming haste; and, if she flung a white arm behind him along the back of the sofa, who was to say that it was not the most careless of unconscious gestures?

"George, darling," she enquired, "why don't you marry?"

George grunted, fearing the worst. "Might interfere with my work," he answered shortly.

"Work!" she echoed in surprise. "Do you work?"

"Ever since I

"'Am I right in believing that you don't find me wholly attrac
'You know I adore you,' she answered eagerly"

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ed by McKIE

was of an age to think, my dear Joan, I have devoted my life to the task of keeping George Scardon happy and amused. The going has been hard at times, but on the whole I have met with a fair measure of success."

"Rumour has it that there has been a certain amount of co-operation."

"Quite true, my child; but I never pay a higher price than is absolutely essential."

"Meaning?"

"That so far marriage has been unnecessary."

"But supposing someone corners the market?"

"In that case, I should give the question of matrimony my serious consideration."

Joan smiled—a disturbing little smile. "You're not unattractive, George Scardon," she observed with seeming irrelevance.

"You flatter me," George murmured.

Suddenly she leaned towards him, and there was invitation in her eyes. George was not surprised, nor, for that matter, was he pleased. He suspected Joan of lacking that sense of humour without which an affair is merely a short cut to boredom. Besides, there was Audrey. . . . However, though discretion would almost certainly be required later, he saw no reason to be churlish at the moment, and it was only a matter of seconds before Joan was in his arms. Nor did he release her until the sound of footsteps came to their ears from outside the French windows, and they turned in time to catch a glimpse of the red end of a cigar passing out of view.

"Who was that?" Joan asked shakily.

George rose to his feet. "Life being singularly misguided in its sense of humour," he replied, "I think we may count on it having been Hylton."

Joan showed signs of dismay. "But what shall we do?" she enquired.

George smiled. "I suggest that you join the ladies, while I. . . ."

"Yes?"

". . . light another cigar."

THERE the matter was left, and on the following day the house-party came to an end. George took leave of his hosts, and motored back to his house in Portman Square. It was as he was putting the last touches to his tie before going out to dinner on the evening of his arrival that he was informed that Mr. Hylton Silvany was below and would be much obliged if Lord Scardon would spare him a few moments of his time.

"Ah!" said George thoughtfully, and glanced at his watch. "Tell Mr. Silvany that Lord Scardon will be pleased to dedicate to him the minutes between 8.30 and 8.40.

As the clock struck the half-hour he strolled downstairs to his private sitting-room, where he found Silvany reclining in a chair. A shy, almost apologetic man to outward seeming, Silvany had a curious knack of getting what he wanted. He rose with a deprecating air as George entered. "I am sorry to trouble you at this hour with a small personal matter," he said, "but I am anxious to get it settled as soon as possible."

"Quite. Quite," George answered reassuringly. "I am entirely at your service."

"Then I will come to the point at once. My wife believes herself to be in love with you."

"Indeed!" The surprise expressed by George's slightly raised eyebrows was a masterpiece of insincerity.

"Who can blame her?" Silvany queried blandly, and continued: "The fact is that after a trifling disagreement with Lydia last night I went for a stroll in the garden. I chanced to pass by the smoking-room windows and, without thinking, looked in." He sighed, and added, "Singularly indiscreet of me, I fear."

"My dear fellow," George said generously, "you must not reproach yourself. It was criminally careless of me not to have drawn the curtains."

"In conversation with my wife afterwards I ventured to express the hope that your embrace was more avuncular than amorous, but she gives me her word as an expert that it was undoubtedly the latter. Moreover, she went so far as to add that she adores you."

"But how ill-advised," George murmured, shocked.

"So," concluded Silvany, "I thought I would just mention the matter to you."

"I appreciate your kindness," George assured him gravely, "but what can I do?"

attractive?' he asked abruptly as soon as she was seated.

ictly reserved)

"You are not in love with my wife?"

"I am not."

"Unfortunately I am."

"Well?"

"You will, of course, have no objection to disillusioning her?"

"I don't understand."

"I suggest that you tell her of some episode in your past that will convince her that you are really a worthless fellow."

"My dear Silvany!"

"The episode," Silvany pointed out gently, "need not necessarily be true."

"Ah," said George non-committally, and there was a silence. Then George observed, "You can rely on me."

"You are too kind," Silvany said almost in a whisper, and stole from the room.

Two nights later, in response to an urgent note, Joan hastened round to the house in Portman Square. Ushered into George's sitting-room, she found him pacing feverishly up and down with his hair picturesquely ruffled and an expression of acute anxiety on his face.

"My dear," she said, and moved impetuously towards him.

"Wait," George begged, and stopped her with a gesture.

"What is it?" she pleaded.

"We can't go on as we are," George blurted out a trifle vaguely, and motioned her to a chair. "Am I right in believing that you don't find me wholly unattractive?" he asked abruptly as soon as she was seated.

"You know I adore you," she answered eagerly.

"In that case," George announced resolutely, "there must be no false pretences. There is something in my past of which I must tell you."

Joan stretched out a white hand in protest. "No," she begged, "I don't wish to hear of all the others"

"It isn't a question of all the others," George pointed out with dignity, "It is the story of a man who betrayed his friend." The phrase rather pleased him, and he stole a quick glance at her to see its effect.

"But must you. . . ." she began, and shivered.

"I must," he assured her firmly. "It may well be that it will put an end to everything between us, but it has to be told."

"Very well," she agreed, and composed herself to listen.

"The whole affair occurred a few years ago when I was staying at a small inn at Fuenterrabia," George began, staring with admirably simulated unhappiness into the fireplace. "Why I was staying in Spain and what I was doing at Fuenterrabia doesn't matter. I was the only guest at the inn except for a young man of the type that novelists are inclined to call clean-limbed. He was also very English. We conversed but little until one night he saw fit to confide in me. Since he can scarcely have anticipated his need of my assistance, it may be that his reserve had been melted by strong drink. In any case, he informed me that he was deeply in love with a girl of the neighbourhood, a peasant, but beautiful beyond description. He certainly failed in his attempt to describe it. And since he was very much in love and at the same time very English, he was determined to marry the girl, though it wasn't in the least necessary. His meetings with her were of the kind known as clandestine, for her parents refused to allow her to have anything to do with him, having apparently no great faith in the honourable intentions of even young Englishmen in love.

"He pointed the girl out to me one day, and, to my surprise, she was, in fact, singularly beautiful. She had those dark brown eyes that have the effect of . . ."

"Unless it is essential to your story," Joan interrupted coldly, for her own eyes were blue, "the catalogue of her charms can be omitted."

"As you please," George conceded. "It is sufficient for me to say that once I had seen her I decided to prolong my stay in Fuenterrabia.

"It was two days later that the climax came. Closely guarded as she was, Dolores had nevertheless contrived to smuggle a note through to her young Englishman. It was a pathetic note, and roused him to a white heat of chivalry; for it appeared that one of their meetings had not been quite as clandestine as it should, with the result that her father had learned of it. And since he was a man devoid of the finer feelings, he had proceeded to use a razor strop for a purpose never originally intended by the makers. Dolores therefore beseeched her lover to fly with her and so deliver her from this tyranny. If he were willing to do so, let him come to her house that night and whistle the Toreador's Song from *Carmen* beneath her window, when she would steal down to him; if he were unwilling, let him come just the same, but whistle the Soldiers' Chorus from *Faust*, and then she would kill herself.

"As you can see, she was most operatic, which in the circumstances was most injudicious. For the young man, being very English, could whistle neither of her selections, and, indeed, was quite incapable of telling the one from the other. He was, however, all aflame to deliver her from the fiends who were tormenting her, and begged me to lend him my assistance. Since I admitted to a working knowledge of the Toreador's Song, it was agreed that I should accompany him and do the whistling for him.

"Accordingly, like two conspirators, we stole out into the night, our picturesque appearance somewhat marred by the suit-case which my companion was carrying. For he was practical as well as romantic. When we reached the house he pointed out her window to me, and standing beneath it I whistled loudly and well. Indeed, lest there should be any mistake, I gave my performance twice. Then, with a murmured blessing, I crept back to the inn.

"Two hours later, white, passionate and furious, my friend burst in on me. His opinion of Dolores had undergone a sudden change. She had deceived him. She had played with him. Worst of all, she had made a fool of him. Though he had waited and waited, she had never come to him. And so he was off back to England. He would never, never return. His faith in women was destroyed.

"I tried to calm him, but my efforts were in vain. He declined to listen to me, but rushed off into the darkness and out of my life."

"Poor boy!" Joan commented sympathetically. "What a wretch the girl was to play with him like that."

"You mustn't blame Dolores," George said sadly.

"But she must have heard you whistle."

"She did."

"Well, then?"

"It was the Soldiers' Chorus I whistled."

Joan started. "But the girl," she stammered. "What happened to her?"

"She had to console herself with me."

There was a silence, and George judged it an auspicious moment to bury his head in his hands. "Can't you imagine," he went on in a muffled voice, "how remorse gnaws at me. He was so fresh and young and English, and he trusted me." His voice sank to a whisper. "And I betrayed his trust."

The ensuing stillness was not broken till Joan rose and softly tip-toed from the room, leaving George to himself. As soon as she had gone he crossed to the mirror and surveyed himself with a slightly smug expression. "What a writer I might have made!" he murmured. "What an actor!"

As he lay in bed on the following morning the tele-

(Continued on page 662

BY CHARLES ROBINSON

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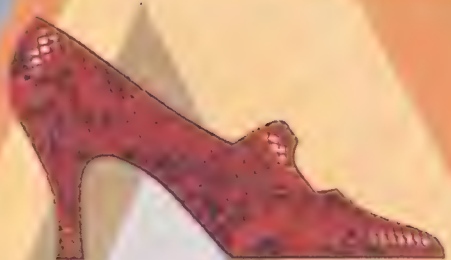

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BOOKS AND PEOPLE

SATIRE, "SERCIETY," RACING & CRICKET

By "Junius"

Mr. J. B. Priestley (right), recently returned form the United States, toasts some of the company playing at His Majesty's Theatre in the stage adaptation of his famous novel, "The Good Companions." With him are John Gielgud, Edith Sharpe, Adele Dixon and Edward Chapman

I HAVE been much amused by *Yashima* (Benn: 7*s.* 6*d.*), by R. T. Sherwood. You couldn't wish for a more original satire. Yashima Abu Kera, an Arabian lady of high birth betrothed to a great Arab chieftain, has longed for years "to be rid of this purple sky, these golden moons, this splendour, this glamour, for a duller world." So she comes to England, performing the first part of the journey by aeroplane. Mr. Sherwood has a pretty taste in satire. You see all sorts and conditions of English life through Yashima's eyes—a county family; the family of an enriched bootmaker; the advanced modern girl and her surroundings. And as all satire should be, there is a note of reality behind the amusing raillery. Further, Mr. Sherwood knows his world very well, and has written a first novel of outstanding originality. I have only one criticism, and that is the tragedy at the end strikes the wrong note as the conclusion of a book of fantastic humour.

YOU are constantly reminded of that early book of Mrs. Elinor Glyn's, *The Visits of Elizabeth*, by Miss Pamela Frankau's *Letters of a Modern Daughter to Her Mother* (Hurst and Blackett: 6*s.*). The method is very much the same—descriptions of situations by inference. Patricia Davies is certainly the most modern of young women, and at eighteen knows all there is to be known of life. The letters are supposed to be written to her mother—who has divorced her husband—in India. They detail a hectic existence of cocktail parties and night clubs sandwiched in between secretarial duties to a publisher, with a final unpleasant situation on the Riviera which brings about the girl's engagement. They are frank and outspoken, and show keen observation of certain types which, happily, are not so numerous as books of this kind might lead us to believe; types that come under the heading of "serciety."

MISS AELFRIDA TILLYARD set herself a difficult task when she decided to tell *Haste to the Wedding* (Hutchinson: 7*s.* 6*d.*) in the eighteenth-century manner. But she has succeeded, and brilliantly. The book has all the atmosphere of its period. The heroine, Cassandra Fazakerley, swoons in all moments of doubt or difficulty. "After the lapse of a few moments Cassandra's fluttering eyelids betokened restored animation and the returning use of her senses." That is a sentence you would find in any of the novels borrowed from the circulating library by Jane Austen's heroines. The hero, too, is entirely in the picture—an undergraduate who gives up a career of dissipation for the beaux yeux of his Cassandra. I can't pay Miss Tillyard a higher compliment than to say that if you picked up *Haste to the Wedding* in "marbled" covers at an old bookstall you would think it had been written in the days of wigs and powder. I'm sure an eighteenth-century reviewer would have called it "vastly diverting."

AFTER a long series of historical novels Mrs. Gertrude Atherton has turned to the world of to-day with *The Sophisticates* (Chapman and Hall: 7*s.* 6*d.*). Someone asked her at a dinner-party: "Has it ever occurred to you to wonder what becomes of all the women acquitted after a sensational murder trial?" From this question came the idea of this story. The heroine, Melton Abbey, is acquitted of the charge of murdering her husband, but her neighbours in a small town in America do not agree with the verdict. Mrs. Atherton's description of the life led by the unfortunate woman in a welter of suspicion and cruel gossip is one of the best things she has done. If you want to read a really exciting story get *The Sophisticates*. At the same time I think Mrs. Atherton might have chosen a better title.

MRS. ACTON prefaces her book, *Out of My Rue* (Chapman and Hall: 6*s.*), with this quotation from Ernest Renan, "The picture of human life is only complete if there is a place for comedy beside tears, for pity beside anger, and laughter beside reverence." I quote this preface because it describes exactly the scope of the book, its stories, essays, sketches and fantasies. Mrs. Acton looks at life from many angles, but whether it is from the tragic, the gay, or the occult, there is always the same understanding, the same breadth—sometimes depth—of thought; and in sketch, essay or story there is the same distinction of style—a matter about which so many modern authors and readers care nothing. This is a book that many people will wish to possess, if only to read again and again the essays on "Death and After," "Do Spirits Return?" "Love and the Child," and for such beautiful thoughts as that expressed in "Blue Delphiniums."

FERENC MORA is the leading novelist in Hungary, and at the same time is director of a museum and library. His novel, *Song of the Wheatfields* (Allan: 7*s.* 6*d.*), has been translated by George Halasz. It is a gripping story of Hungarian peasant life after the War. Actually it is the tale of Enoch Arden all over again, with this difference: Etel, the heroine, believing her husband, Rokus, to be dead as a prisoner of war, marries Ferenc, who likewise has been a prisoner. After they are married she learns from Ferenc himself that he left Rokus to starve to death in order to save his own life. Then news comes that Rokus is not dead, but is returning. Etel and Ferenc both commit suicide. This book, with its vigour, its vivid descriptions of Hungarian peasant life and its arresting characterisation, explains Mora s position and popularity

BOOKS AND PEOPLE (continued)

in his own country; and he has been served admirably by his translator.

RACING people will delight in *Long Odds* (Collins: 7s. 6d.), by Frank Romer, for two reasons. First, because of the author's knowledge of horses and racing, and then for the originality of the plot. You don't look for psychology in novels dealing with the racing world, but Mr. Romer—all sport apart—has given us most interesting studies in his hero, Bill Sturgeon, and his guardian, Colonel MacFarlane. Bill Sturgeon was born seven months after his father, "Caviare" Sturgeon, was killed in the race for the Gold Cup at Sandown. His mother died at his birth and he was brought up by Colonel MacFarlane. The boy suffered from a curious complex. In public he is shy and speechless, and apparently a duffer at all sports. When nobody is looking on he is the reverse of a duffer, especially on a horse. After he comes of age he buys a colt which has very much his own temperament—an impossible looking creature that excites the derision of his friends. But the horse wins the Derby, and Bill, immediately after the victory, wins the lady who has been in love with him since they were children. Mr. Romer in a foreword hopes that the public will get "a tithe of the pleasure from *Long Odds* that my old friend Jack Sichel and I derived from its joint collaboration." I think he will find his hope fulfilled.

BOOKS RECEIVED

VANISHED FLEETS. By A. J. Villiers. (Bles.: 16s.)
SADDLE-ROOM SAYINGS. By W. Fawcett. (Constable: 8s. 6d.)
TWO PRISONERS. By L. Zilahy. (Heinemann: 8s. 6d.)
THE LATE UNLAMENTED. By G. Nine Boyle. (Paul: 7s. 6d.)
LETTERS FROM A MODERN DAUGHTER TO HER MOTHER. By Pamela Frankau. (Hurst and Blackett; 6s.)
MURDER IN THE FOG. By E. Hamilton. (Paul: 7s. 6d.)
FRIENDS AND ADVENTURES. By "T." (Cape: 10s. 6d.)
TO THAT FIRST NAKED GLORY. By L. David. (Nash and Grayson: 7s. 6d.)
BELOVED. By Sarah Levy. (Nash and Grayson: 7s. 6d.)
CLIVE. By R. J. Minney. (Jarrolds: 16s.)
FANNY AND JANE. By Colette. (Gollancz: 7s. 6d.)
THE THIEF. By L. Leonov. (Secker: 7s. 6d.)
THE GREEK SLAVE. By Douglas Sladen. (Werner Laurie: 7s. 6d.)
OVER THE COCKTAILS. By R. J. B. Sellar. (Alston Rivers: 3s. 6d.)
SIAMESE TALES. By Reginald le May. (Douglas: 8s. 6d.)
CROSS OF CARL. By Walter Owen. (Richards: 5s.)
SHIPS OF YOUTH. By Maud Diver. (Blackwood: 7s. 6d.)
ICH DIEN. By Viscount Lymington. (Constable: 4s. 6d.)
THE LADY AND THE MUTE. By J. Lindsey. (Chapman and Hall: 7s. 6d.)
THE PERFUME OF THE RAINBOW. By L. Adams Beck. (Benn: 7s. 6d.)
WHO GOES HOME? By A. P. Nicholson. (Benn: 7s. 6d.)

NOW it is the turn of cricketers with *Playing for England. My Test-Cricket Story* (Gollancz: 3s. 6d.), by Jack Hobbs. It is the story of the great batsman's career written so diffidently that a foreword from Mr. Thomas Moult is necessary to remind the cricketers, who will read this book in their hundreds, of its writer's many achievements. From Mr. Moult we learn that Hobbs has batted 71 times against Australia and 29 times against South Africa, "a total which easily outnumbers that of other cricketers." Also, that he has made 5,410 runs, including fifteen centuries. As Mr. Moult quotes: "Hobbs will stand for ever in Test Match history with W. G. Grace and Victor Trumper. There is no higher praise for him than that." I don't know whether cricket clubs have libraries. If they have, Jack Hobbs's book should be in it. "JUNIUS."

THE UNFORGIVABLE SIN (continued from page 658)

phone bell rang. Lifting the receiver he recognised the soft voice of Hylton Silvany. "Ah, Silvany," he exclaimed, "I suppose you've rung up to congratulate me on my performance last night?"

"Not exactly," Silvany answered drily.

"What!"

"I am confident that you meant to be helpful."

"I was helpful."

"Forgive me if I differ," Silvany begged. "I understand that you informed my wife of a highly discreditable episode in your past. Naturally, she has not disclosed it to me."

"Naturally."

"She has, however, intimated that, disgraceful as your conduct was, you seemed to be greatly distressed at the recollection of it. If I remember correctly, she went so far as to say that you were torn with remorse."

"Gnawed," George corrected.

"I accept your amendment. My wife proceeded to add that, in your time of need, she felt that a woman should stand by you."

"Indeed!"

"I gather that she means to be that woman."

"Good Lord!" said George in genuine distress.

"The point is," Silvany continued gently but remorselessly, "what do you propose to do about it?"

"I shall pursue my own methods since yours have failed."

"I wish you every success," Silvany observed. "The present state of affairs is singularly unconducive to domestic happiness."

"Once more, you can rely on me," George assured him, and rang off.

An hour later, as he was descending the stairs, he was summoned to the telephone. "George," said the voice of Joan, "if I come round at once, can you see me?"

"Certainly," he replied. "I've been expecting you all the morning."

"Very well," she said, and it was clear that she was not pleased with his answer. George smiled as he hung up the receiver; he had not thought she would be.

Some twenty minutes later she came in. "My dear," George greeted her, "I knew you'd come."

"You have considerable faith in your charms," she retorted, a trifle coldly.

"Say, rather, faith in you," he amended.

"You don't deserve it," she informed him. "Your confession was a contemptible one, and few women, having heard it, would have consented to see you again. But I feel you need me."

"My pretty," George answered, "you certainly have proved yourself."

"Proved myself?"

"Worthy of me."

"This is scarcely a time for humour," she remarked, drawing away from him.

"Let me explain," George begged. "My confession was entirely false, but I was anxious to test the strength of your affection for me. I wanted to be certain that you were really devoted to me."

"Do I understand," she asked, and her voice was unsteady with anger, "that you had the audacity to make a bogus confession in order to test me?"

"That is so," George agreed, and added comfortingly, "but you needn't be uneasy. You emerged from it triumphantly."

"And you really think I am worthy of you?" George recognised the latent danger in her sudden coolness, and welcomed it.

"I am happy to say I do," he assured her.

"Then let me tell you," she snapped, "that I consider you utterly unworthy of me. Your whole conduct has been despicable, and I loathe you from the bottom of my heart."

"Oh, but surely . . ." George protested weakly.

"Nothing you can say could possibly make me alter my opinion. I sincerely trust that I shall never have to meet you again."

"Let me explain . . ." George began, but found himself speaking to an empty room.

Once again, next morning, he was rung up by Hylton Silvany. But this time it was congratulations that were murmured down the telephone.

"May I venture to inquire how the result was achieved?" Silvany concluded.

"Truth is more estranging than fiction," George answered, and rang off.

G. L.

THE NEW OPERA "FEDRA" IN LONDON

The scene of "Fedra," by Romano Romani, the only novelty produced at Covent Garden during the present season. First heard in Rome in 1915, this work won the Prix de Rome, but this is its first appearance out of Italy. The story follows the classic lines very closely, and has its full share of horrors, for three murders are fitted into two short acts

THE second—the Italian—part of the season of Grand Opera at Covent Garden is now in full swing, and crowded houses have been attracted by the splendid singing of Rosa Ponselle and by the fine work of the orchestra, under Signor Tullio Serafin. A noteworthy feature has been the steadily increasing popularity of Verdi's last opera, "Falstaff," which hitherto has been supposed to make an appeal only to musicians

Romano Romani, the composer of "Fedra," is a vivacious Italian of thirty-eight, who has written two other successful operas. He is paying his first visit to this country

Rosa Ponselle, the greatest dramatic soprano of to-day, who plays the title rôle in "Fedra." She is an American of Italian extraction, and has scored a big success this year as Violetta in "La Traviata," and as Leonora in "La Sforza del Destino"

BEAUTY IN SEASON

By Blanche B. Elliott

A belted navy blue cardigan in the new knitted rib, worn with a blue-and-white check frock, forms this sporting ensemble. Model Jane Regny

THE Paris dress creators are now entering on their close season in preparation for the new styles which will be born in August. Meanwhile, interest shifts to the smart watering-places where we shall be wanting splashy clothes for bathing, plage, and casino. As a sun-starved race we are developing the habit of going in search of it, whether on a cruise or a visit, and sun clothes must find a prominent place in our wardrobes.

YACHTING, motor- and speed-boating, too, have their special requirements for the quiet, unobserved season which Burnham enjoys, as well as the fashionable gathering at Cowes. Nevertheless, the numbers are ever growing who motor down to delightful spots to become sailors for the week-end. While yachting clothes must be of necessity practical, there is a need for gaiety, colour and freshness which proximity to the sea always demands. Jersey is still the best choice, while dashing blazer coats of flannel, plain tailored frocks, trousers of serge, or soft woollens that the damp salt air of the sea will not "muss," are ideal.

THERE is still room for novelties, and they are being rigorously kept for Deauville, Biarritz, or the Midi, not to mention our own watering-places, a little jealously feeling their Continental sisters' popularity. A novelty jersey is shown by Jane Regny which has caught on. It is illustrated here, and is in a thickly ribbed stitch, rather like the old-fashioned hand-knitted stockings done on four needles, tightly worked so that it will not stretch or sag. Cardigans generally show a waisted tendency, and are worn with belts often in contrasting colours. Velvet belts, by the way, are being worn in Paris with evening frocks. It should be remembered with all belts that the position to pull them to is the top of the hips, *not* at the actual waistline. This is the only position with the modern figure unless one is entirely without a wavy line above or below the belt.

AN important item in the modern woman's make-up is the enormous part cosmetics play in her success. Actually, now one is being offered a sunburn colour powder for the pallid, or lotions and oil for the sunburnt, so that all tastes are catered for. Facials and special baths are wonderfully beautifying; the latter is an easy way of slimming for those who find it hard to resist temptation.

A CLEVER hairdresser tells me that he is always surprised that Englishwomen do not do more to improve a beauty they possess. Blonde hair, for instance, is apt to go "dead" looking, yet the owner is so accustomed to hear it admired she just thinks it perfect. Here is one way a knowing blonde improved herself until even the bus-conductor fell a victim to her charms. The blonde hair was washed with a touch of peroxide in the water to brighten it, and then—this is the touch of genius—*finished* with a henna wash. This was far from using a dye, but resulted in a gleaming head of glinting gold.

THE older woman must, of course, use more care and spend a little more time and money on her dress. A slim young girl can get away with anything provided the colour be becoming and style youthful.

But it is with the older woman that the real good dressing test comes in. It is no use saying, "I am too old for those things, my dear." That is only a cover for laziness. When successful she can look just as charming as her daughter, who ruefully realises that the older woman's sophistication and knowledge of the world can be a serious rival to just sheer youth.

THE lack of good dressing which I have always deplored in the average Englishwoman has proved a serious deterrent to our film success. It is then not only necessary to be dressed well but to have the perfection of make-up with everything that modern science can do to assist. The fantastically beautiful screen stars from the States owe much of their glamour to their presentation rather than to their own natural charms. *They* are not slack or careless in details, but grow eyelashes with every kind of patent until they curl lavishly, manicure their hands to perfection, and so on. These are all matters pertaining to dress and charm, and it is not that we lack such attributes, but have not learnt to "put them across."

THE fashion progress of the muff is entertaining to follow. It has to combat against the great disadvantage of being a superfluity for the modern woman. Its only possible excuse is (1) as a decorative appendage chiefly suitable for the bridesmaid, or (2) to be a combined muff and vanity bag. In its latter use Lanvin has most successfully launched it, and others have made it so that the arm may be thrust into it and the hand be left free. For evening there are many charming examples shown and the only thing about its future success is that it belongs to the period of the small new hats that are worn peaked over the right eyebrow. This is a side line that it will be interesting to see how the big couturiers develop for autumn, and one can only hint at now.

A flaunting frock of black taffeta, with huge taffeta muff which conceals a bag, a style launched by Lanvin. Model Lanvin

NOTHING is more natty than the short contrasting waist suit: it gives a mannish little snap to the tailor suit and is becoming to the average figure getting over the eternal blouse problem. The new blouses, of course, are not problems, but sheer temptations! Nothing is more attractive than the broderie Anglaise on linen, muslin or georgette. Very smart, too, is the extra coat one wears with contrasting skirt or frock. It is successful in white. Sports wear is engrossing more and more attention; in fact, the less that is worn the more the attention. Everyone will be hoping to see Signorita de Alvarez in her much-discussed trouser-skirt. This was first created by Molyneux, and mentioned in these pages (I say this in *all* humility) just about a year ago!

B. B. E.

LAWN TENNIS

THE ABC OF THE WOMEN PLAYERS

BY PHYLLIS H. SATTERTHWAITE

In writing the ABC of the leading women lawn tennis players it comes very naturally to me to take **Fräulein Aussem** as my "leading lady," for just at the moment she is most certainly playing the best all-round lawn tennis of any of the women.

She is a great example of what good coaching can do, for she has been the pupil of nearly all the leading "pros" of the last few years.

She has learnt what very, very few players have ever mastered, and that is to be steady as a rock and at the same time to "go out" for her shot at the right time. She can play long rallies with almost uncanny patience, and yet when she has got the "opening" she has been working for—bang goes one of her forehand drives, and that rally comes to an end.

Senorita de Alvarez is never happy unless she is working at something new and amusing. She has any amount of courage, and doesn't mind sticking to her guns (or rather I should say trousers) in the face of any amount of criticism.

One of her greatest assets is that she hits the ball tremendously quickly on the rise, and almost half volleys it; in fact, very often, and this, coupled with the fact that she usually hits it very hard, makes it most difficult for her opponents to "come to terms" with her.

No one will be more warmly welcomed back to singles play again than **Mrs. Godfree** (Miss Kitty McKane that was), and it is a real pleasure to see the most versatile of all our English stars in serious play again. Mrs. Godfree has a most wonderful "touch on the ball, and also an almost uncanny knack of anticipation, which makes her, when she is playing well, a most terribly hard person to beat.

She is able to combine a fierce forehand drive with the most cunning of drop shots, and she knows how to "use up all the court" by placing her balls as far as possible on the side lines and in the corners.

Madame Mathieu, France's "Number One" player, has, I think, improved since she was at Wimbledon last year. She is a very difficult person to beat, because she simply will not let herself be beaten, and fights hard for every point; also, like Cilli Aussem, possessing a lovely forehand drive which she can bring into action very effectively indeed.

Miss Betty Nuthall comes next on my list, and I should like to say how much I admire her straightforward forceful tennis, and also the cheery way in which she always plays her matches. She has *absolutely* the right sort of temperament for a lawn tennis champion, and nothing shows this more than the way she has of suddenly smiling all over her face in a match when, perhaps, things are not going too well. Also, even when she is within a point of losing a match she will *still* go all out and hit the ball as hard as she can.

Betty always has the "gallery" with her in her matches, and I think she will always be very popular with the crowd.

Miss Joan Ridley and **Mrs. Strawson** are both noted for their good looks and their very fine forehand drives. They are both in good form at the moment, and I see no reason why they should not be very much to the fore this summer, as they have been playing in a good many tournaments just lately.

MRS. SATTERTHWAITE

The author of this article, has had a very successful season on the Riviera, where she collected 18 "firsts." She is playing with Miss M. Thomas in the women's doubles at Wimbledon and in the mixed she is partnering B. Von Kehrling

FRÄULEIN CILLI AUSSEM

The little German champion, who is in great form at present. She is quite likely to win the women's singles this year

SENORITA DE ALVAREZ

The attractive Spanish girl, wearing the divided skirt of her own design. She is one of the most graceful players at Wimbledon

Miss Ryan is too well known to need any description from me, but she is certainly the best woman volleyer in lawn tennis to-day, and has won more ladies' doubles than anyone else in the world, as she is the real ladies' doubles "queen," and she dominates the game, no matter in what powerful company she may be, with her very forceful chopped drive, her extremely fierce volleying, and her deadly little drop shot, which she uses with unerring precision at exactly the right moment.

Miss Helen Jacobs, who has played hardly any lawn tennis for a year, is back again, and seems to be rapidly getting into her best form once more. Ranked Number Two in America, she is a very clever, resourceful player who can vary the pace of her shots in a very disconcerting manner; and also hits very hard indeed. This summer she will be America's chief representative in the absence of Mrs. Wills-Moody.

Mrs. Fearnley-Whittingstall (Miss Eileen Bennett that was) is *so* decorative that no tournament is complete without her.

She is a real stylist, and all her shots are beautifully made. Some days she is so good as to be almost unbeatable. She should be playing well just now, and I thought her last match in Paris, where she and Betty won the doubles from Miss Ryan and Fräulein Aussem, showed her quite at her best.

Miss Phyllis Mudford is such a good player that I am always surprised to find that she does not do better still. This season I do not consider that she has been quite so consistent as usual, but I should never be surprised to see her doing something very good indeed.

Miss Mary Heeley is a young player of whom great things are expected, and rightly so, for she puts her whole heart and soul into every stroke she makes.

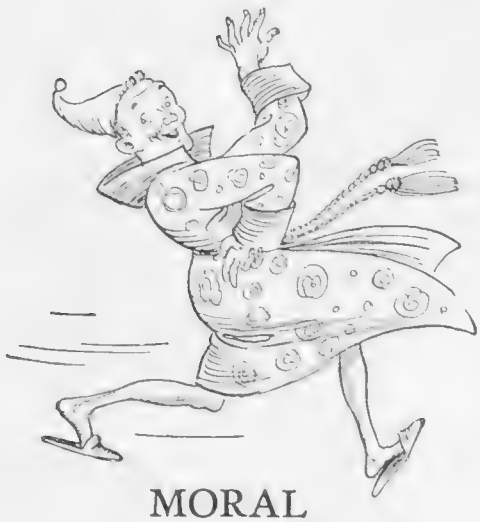
She takes her tennis very seriously, trains hard, and generally does all that she can to keep herself fit and in good condition. In one of her recent matches this spring she out-steadied Signorina Valerio, who is, to my mind, a very rock of steadiness, and this in itself is no mean feat.

The Guinness Legends

with apologies to Thomas Ingoldsby, Esquire.

Theophilus Green was shockingly lean,
If you looked at him sideways, he'd hardly be seen,
So skinny and bony
That though fully grown he
Weighed only three stone on the weighing-machine.
Bad enough, you'll acknowledge, but worse is to come;
No wonder Theophilus used to look glum
For if he ate anything he would succumb
To fierce indigestion and pains in the tum.
He couldn't sleep, he pined away,
He used to sit and cry all day.
Though white as a sheet, yet within he was wholly a
Prey to the blackest of black Melancholia

His mother regarded her son with anxiety;
Plied him with medicine, repulsive to taste.
Though he was only too anxious to try it, he
Didn't improve, and the stuff was a waste.
Then in despair, she tried special fare,
Everything luscious, expensive and rare;
She tried him with spices,
With winkles, with ices,
With toffee and terrapin, haggis and hare.
No good at all; he was still just as thin as
A rake—until one day she tried him with Guinness.



As soon as he drank it, he threw off the blanket,
And said to his mother, "Please bring me another!
I'm better already!" And leaving his bed he
Galumphed up and down in his silk dressing-gown.
He perceptibly grew in muscle and thew,
His complexion assumed a much healthier hue;
He acquired in a year a
Physique like Carnera
By daily consuming this wonderful brew.

MORAL

I don't know, dear Reader,
if you've ever had
The troubles that made
poor Theophilus bad;
Rheumatical twinges
And pains in your hinges
And Jaundice and Ague
And nightmares that plague you;
But allow me to say that
the very best way
To banish the lot is—
a Guinness a day.

G. E. 143.

PARIS GOSSIP

PERSONALITIES AND PORTRAITURE

By Sylvia Lyon

H. V. Knight

A photograph taken after the wedding at St. Stephen's Church, Mount Newton, British Columbia, of Viscount Colville of Culross and Miss Kathleen Myrtle Gale. Standing are Ruby, Viscountess Colville (left), the bride and bridegroom, and Lord Colville's only brother, the Hon. John Colville, who was best man. Seated are the two bridesmaids, Miss Ethne Gale and Miss Lois Gale

WHEN in Paris note that the one long row of curls encircling the back of one's head has been succeeded by two rows, rather like two rows of sausages, which is, indeed, a pretty thought, only to be equalled by describing the sides of the new coiffure as resembling a series of flat, rolled anchovies. The new hats, which reveal the sides of the hair, have made hair-dressing so important that several coiffeurs are making side pieces, waved and ready to wear. This is the latest reversion to 1900.

MADAME SIMON ROLO displayed her magnificently done iron-grey hair the other evening when she sat on a stool having a hasty dinner at the up-town Prunier's bar, wearing a black georgette dinner dress, topped by a short black jacket of the same material, a perfect costume for warm evenings at the theatre. You may notice that I say "a perfect costume for warm evenings." I would prefer to say, for a change, a warm costume for a perfect evening at the theatre.

AT my last warm evening at the theatre, after the third of six scenes (name of play, *Ces Messieurs de la Santé*), Prince Antoine Bibesco growled, "This is a terrible play." And so to Fouquet for supper.

"Have you any enemies?" asked Antoine Bibesco.

"Of course," I said, "some of them are my best friends."

"Well, then," he suggested, "tell them to go to see the play we have just left."

"But I have sent all my enemies," I said regretfully, "to see *La Vie Parisienne*."

However, my good humour was restored by poulet à l'estragon and the sight of H.R.H. the Princesse Sixte de Bourbon de Parme entering with a party. She is one of the best-looking and smartest women in Paris. As

(Continued on page 670)

AN ENGLISH WEDDING IN PARIS

The Hon. George Charles Spencer and his bride, Miss Barbara Blumenthal, leaving the British Embassy church in Paris after their wedding. The bridegroom is the brother of Earl Spencer, and was formerly in the Royal Navy, retiring in 1926

cruising briskly,

You suddenly wish to change from top to second, noiselessly, certainly, without conscious thought. You can, if you are driving

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The free-wheeling device built right into it—*not* an addition, an afterthought—gives you two "tops," two "seconds," and you can switch from one to the other at a mere touch of the accelerator pedal. Both are absolutely noiseless in operation. To see what this means, either in the great outdoors or while threading London's traffic, you must let us place a New LINCOLN at your disposal, tomorrow, today, now! May we have that pleasure? This New LINCOLN has a dozen, a score of really signal features. Its engine, steering, suspension, brakes, everything contributing to fine performance, will be found super-excellent. And it is *very* conservatively priced. When may we send a New LINCOLN to your door? Ford Motor Company Limited, Lincoln Car Department, 88 Regent Street, London, W. 1

LINCOLN

PARIS GOSSIP (continued from page 668)

I write this I hear guns booming for the arrival at the Elysée of President Paul Doumer. If I had things my way, it would not be Doumer, but Prince Sixte de Bourbon de Parme who was entering the Elysée. He is the head of the elder branch of the French Bourbons. If Léon Daudet beats his drum for the Comte de Paris there is no reason why the correspondent of THE BYSTANDER should not be involved in a monarchist plot, as nobody will pay any attention to it, anyhow.

ACROSS the street from the Elysée one can properly see the Laszlo pictures at the Jean Charpentier Gallery between eleven and twelve in the morning. For pure likeness, the best portraits are those of Princess Hélène of Roumania, and her sister-in-law, Queen Elizabeth of Greece; the best painting, as painting, is seen in the portraits of Pope Leo XIII. and Laszlo's wife; the silliest, most saccharine, are those of Lady Buchanan-Jardine and Lady Louis Mountbatten; the most carelessly austere, Lord Louis Mountbatten; the most embarrassingly theatrical, Humberto, Prince of Piedmont; the most charming, the Queen of the Belgians; the most clannish, the little Weissweiller and Rothschild boys, all done up in a row; the most absurdly romantic, those of Simon Patino, the Bolivian Minister in Paris, and his daughter, the Marquise del Merito. And the last two deserve, I think, a little story.

PATINO, as you know, was a farm-hand, and in payment of a small loan advanced to a pampas shopkeeper he received title to some worthless land. But he awoke one day to find that the land was a mountain, and within the mountain was tin. Patino became one of the richest men in the world, possessing more than the national wealth of his country. He also became Minister to Paris. His second daughter, Elena, a very pretty girl, was married about two years ago to the Duke del Merito, Grandee of Spain, big-game hunter, proprietor of Merito sherry, and a very, very good-looking boy. What could be better than that? What is more, his son, Antinor, was married three months ago to Cristina de Bourbon, daughter of the Duke of Durcal, cousin of Don Alfonso. After the wedding Antinor Patino was appointed to the Bolivian legation in Madrid. He was just about to refer to the King as "my cousin Alfonso" and to adopt his wife's title (an old Spanish custom) when the Spanish republic was created.

George Seversky, who, during the War, was a Russian ace in the Imperial Air Force, has taken up entertaining as a profession. Known as the Singing Pilot, he was lately commanded to St. James's Palace by H.R.H. The Prince of Wales. He is now at the Café Anglais

SUNDAY nights are very gay at Barbizon, especially at the Hôtellerie du Bas Bréau, where Stevenson lived for five years. This should cause no alarm; the inn is called Bas Bréau, not bas bleu. The bar is very popular with the people who have châteaux in the country around Fontainebleau, and many stay on to dine in the little flowered courtyard. The other night the Prince and Princesse Jean-Louis de Faucigny-Lucinge were there in a party with Eileen and Sheila Hennessy, whose country place is at Cognac, where, you know, three stars mark the spot. So was Mrs. Martha Hyde and Mary Hoyt Wiborg, of New York, and Comte Jean de Gaigneron, the portrait-painter. If you stir up these names properly you will have, as answer, an engagement that will be announced shortly.

IDA RUBENSTEIN

The famous French actress and ballerina, who is, at long last, about to play in London, and will appear at Covent Garden on July 6. Mme. Rubenstein is equally at home playing melodrama as in ballet. Gabriel D'Annunzio wrote "The Martyrdom of St. Sebastian" for her, and this play will be in her London repertoire, even though she is "terribly frightened about it!"

MRS. REGINALD FELLOWES has a crocodile in the garden of her house at Neuilly. The Princess Galitzine, formerly Aimée Crocker-Gouraud and I forget what else, has snakes for playmates. The second Madame Sert, sister of the Mdivani boys, has had a monkey-cage built into a deep-set window of her apartment at the Beau-Site. As the sides and top of the casement are lined with mirrors, at first sight one thinks that one is in a zoo, but the cage only holds two monkeys, and that is enough for me.

THE Duchess of Aosta, Princesse Hélène of France, is in Paris, but has left her son, the handsome Duke of Spoleto, on the Riviera. Because, they say, of his fondness for a tall blonde lady I have frequently mentioned in these columns. S. L.

Sportsmen all . . .

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For it is the Austin Reed policy to provide the ideal environment in which a man may choose his clothes, speedily or at his leisure. And what apter setting could there be for sports clothes than this beautiful Floor, built in the style of Elizabethan days . . . the days when health and strength and freedom meant so much.

Here on the Tudor Floor is everything that a man can want to clothe himself for the open air. Plus fours in a distinguished variety of fabrics and designs. Sports coats of Cheviot and Harris tweed. And very suitably the Tudor Floor, reminiscent of the pioneer spirit of adventure, has been chosen for the flying kit that we are selling in increasing quantities every year. Above the Tudor Floor is the Tudor Gallery, where is a very fine array of sweaters, woollies, pullovers plain and patterned. White flannel trousers, grey flannel trousers, expertly tailored from fine-quality cloth. Blazers, sports wear of every kind, and raincoats . . . for this English weather is no respecter of holidays.

Certainly, there is much to see on the Tudor Floor and in the Tudor Gallery. And we have made it our especial care that everything that is sold there shall be fully worthy of its environment.

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AT THE PLAY

YET ANOTHER WAR

Joyce Cottell (Marjory Clark) kicked out of the Corps for having a night out by the Commandant (Vera Beringer), who declines to listen to any excuses

"Lovers' Meeting," at the Prince of Wales' Theatre

MR. R. C. SHERRIFF, having taken one slice of Shakespeare, *Journey's End*, for the title of his great War play, an anonymous author, greatly daring, has used the next slice to it and called the new war play, which is not so great, *Lovers' Meeting*. It only remains to be added that John Oliver Hobbes and George Moore once wrote a one-act play called *Journeys End in Lovers Meeting*, to show that Shakespeare is a first-class man to go to for titles!

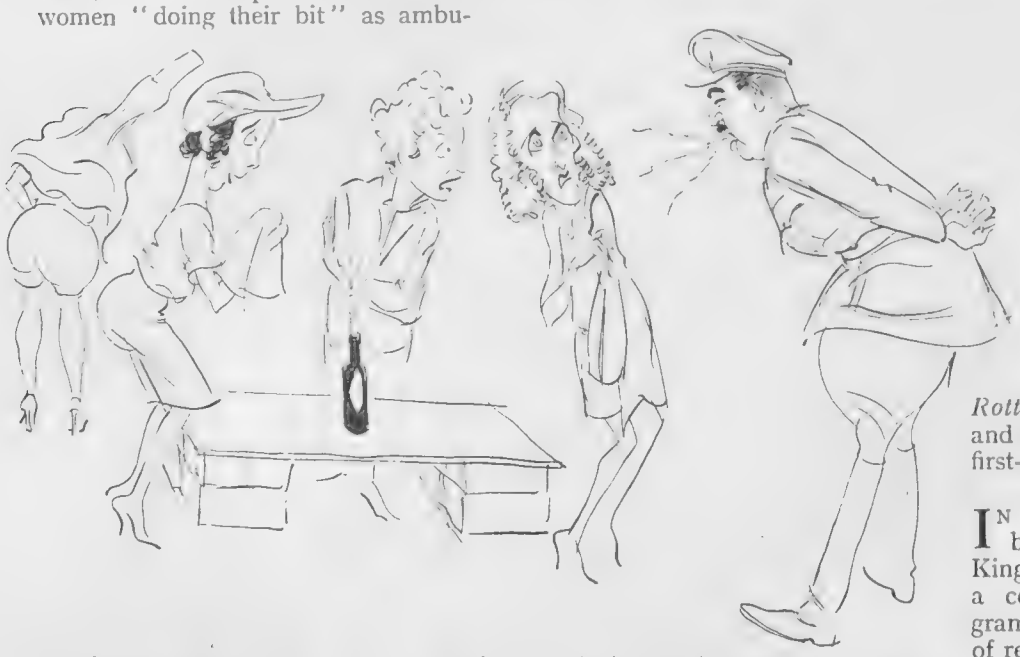
"LOVERS' MEETING" is a queer mixture. It shows the War, in the main, from the point of view of women "doing their bit" as ambulance drivers. The scenes in which they appear are very well done, and, so far as one can judge, not devoid of truth. But I think the author—I'll swear a woman wrote it—has made a mistake in so stressing the story of two drivers who, by a marvellous coincidence, find themselves at daggers drawn over a man who is the husband of one and the lover of another.

THE War was a big thing, and the author sometimes manages to suggest it, but to switch off the interest from so huge a theme in order to try to interest us in a petty love affair is, to my mind, an egregious error. It is as if someone attempted to call attention to a fight between a couple of ants when a lion and a tiger were at death grips close by.

BUT as the love story develops rather late in the play, it is quite easy to enjoy the snap-shots of ambulance drivers at work and at rest, and, later on, to appreciate the excellent acting of Renée Gadd and Mary Merrall when engaged in their own private war over a male rotter whose death rings down the curtain.

AS a contrast to these two, both of gentle birth, we have two characters lower in the social scale, a Lancashire mill hand and a lavatory attendant, to supply comic relief, some of it of a broad nature. These are played with gusto by Kathleen Harrison and Esmé Beringer, while Evelyn Roberts as a R.A.M.C. Colonel acts with both authority and humour. A good performance is also given by Marjory Clark as a girl who took the wrong turning and found an officer there. But I don't think that this was the Lovers' Meeting of the title.

Sister Eva (Margaret Watson), letting loose quotations from the poets before Col. Wilmer, R.A.M.C. (Evelyn Roberts)



The Colonel (Evelyn Roberts) tells the girls that he'd much rather have men driving ambulances, a point of view unpleasing to Mrs. Wick (Esmé Beringer), Annie Bowton (Kathleen Harrison), Flip Weston (Renée Gadd) and Muriel Harding (Mary Merrall)

"The Age of Youth," at the Kingsway

MR. H. F. MALTBY is a dramatist of parts, and being also a first-rate actor he generally sees to it that the cast has good ones. He is at his very best when in cynical mood, and *The Rotters*, *A Temporary Gentleman*, and *Such A Nice Young Man*, are first-rate stuff.

IN *The Age of Youth*, which has been put on for a short run at the Kingsway, he has taken unto himself a collaborator, called on the programme Fredi Wynne, and in a book of reference, Freda Wayne, and Fredi or Freda seems to have suggested that cynicism is a bit out of place,

PLAY By Vernon Woodhouse

Ambulance drivers after doing their bit. Annie Bowton (Kathleen Harrison), Mrs. Wick (Esmé Beringer), Flip Weston (Renée Gadd) and Muriel Harding (Mary Merrall). Who, after seeing this quartette, can deny that war is a dirty business?

SKETCHES OF "LOVERS' MEETING," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES' THEATRE, BY H. H. HARRIS

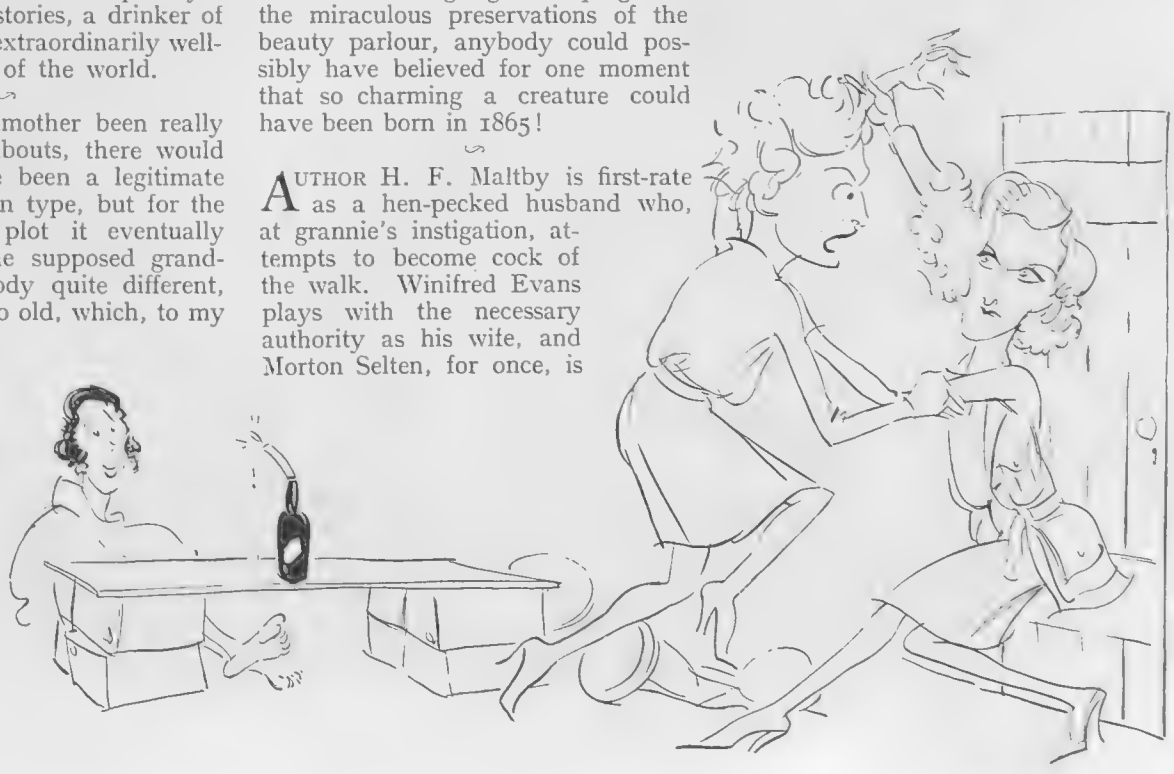
and that what the public wants is old-fashioned farce.

IT is for this reason that I consider *The Age of Youth* not one of Mr. Maltby's most typical or best plays. There is no particularly original idea at the back of it, dealing as it does with the return of an aged grandmother from Australia, who is expected by her relations to be a decrepit old thing, and turns out to be a purveyor of smoking-room stories, a drinker of cocktails, and an extraordinarily well-preserved woman of the world.

HAD this grandmother been really 66 or thereabouts, there would in that case have been a legitimate satire on a modern type, but for the purposes of the plot it eventually transpires that the supposed grandmother is somebody quite different, and nothing like so old, which, to my mind, rather spoils the original theme.

WHERE the authors have succeeded best is in providing Iris Hoey, as the supposed granny, with a first-rate comedy part which she acts brilliantly. Almost throughout the authors have only given her one string on which to play, but the variety she gets out of that one string must be seen and heard to be believed. What is really unbelievable is that even in these days of Fannie Ward, face-lifting, figure-keeping, and the miraculous preservations of the beauty parlour, anybody could possibly have believed for one moment that so charming a creature could have been born in 1865!

AUTHOR H. F. Maltby is first-rate as a hen-pecked husband who, at grannie's instigation, attempts to become cock of the walk. Winifred Evans plays with the necessary authority as his wife, and Morton Selten, for once, is not a duke or even a baronet, but becomes a butler to the manner born. Some of the cast who played the rather unpleasant young people struck me as being a little slipshod in their speech. There is no need to cultivate an exaggerated Oxford accent to give, say, the word "cruel" its proper assonance.



Their own private war! Flip Weston (Renée Gadd) and Muriel Harding come to grips over a soldier-man's favours, while Annie Bowton (Kathleen Harrison) shelters in the background

A Charity Show

THERE is an old cliché to the effect that at an amateur show a note appeared on the programme as follows: "The actors and actresses are playing for charity, and members of the audience are asked to keep their seats for the same reason." This cannot apply to a matinée to be given at the Vaudeville Theatre at 2.45 p.m. on Tuesday, June 30, in aid of the Royal Free Hospital, for in this case only one actress provides the bill, and that actress is Ruth Draper, whose recitals are without compare. If you take tickets at the box office or through the usual agencies for this matinée you will help a most deserving charity and also enjoy a unique entertainment. V W.

FLYING NOTES

Rules Wanted

AVIATION history is repeating itself. Twenty years or so ago certain hardy pioneers set out to display their machines and their ability to fly them, and the public turned out en masse to gaze open-mouthed at the latest scientific miracle. During the present year there will hardly be a town in the kingdom which will not be treated to some kind of aerial performance, and up to the present the spectators at the displays have been numbered in thousands. So far so good, but unless organisers introduce some drastic rules to be observed by pilots they are likely to alienate their clientele from any notion of personal flying, to say the least of it.

The Avian, with Hermes II engine, supplied to the Royal Swedish Aero Club in Gothenburg. The machine, which is fitted with slotted wings, has a complete range of instruments in both cockpits, and is fitted for night flying

STOP STUPID STUNTING

By Capt. C. E. Ward

Crazy Flying

LET us be specific. Several times recently at flying displays I have seen certain pilots taking unpardonable risks, not only with their own lives, which are admittedly their personal concern, but with the lives of the spectators they are endeavouring to amuse, which is the concern of everyone interested in the good of aviation. Fortunately 99 per cent. of the audience are sublimely ignorant of their danger, which is perhaps just as well, but every level-headed man who knows anything at all about flying is filled with apprehension. No one is opposed to stunting within reasonable limits, although as air publicity it is of questionable value, but flying low at absurdly dangerous angles over crowds of people is nothing short of outrageous. It is irritating to those of us who are saying that flying to-day is safe to see machines dragged off the ground in climbing turns twenty feet above a hero-worshipping crowd, because we know probably better than anyone else that such flying is far from safe, and the sooner some action is taken to check this insane desire by some pilots to perform on the heads of their audience the better.

Service Equipment

THE performance figures of the Hawker Fury, the latest interceptor fighter now in production for the Royal Air Force, have been made public, and it is comforting to know that, fitted with the famous Rolls-Royce Kestrel engine, which gives it a speed of well over 200 m.p.h. in level flight, it is the fastest fighting aircraft in the world.

No. 43 (Fighter) Squadron is now fully equipped with them, and will take part in the R.A.F. Display at Hendon on Saturday, June 27. Other new features will include the catapulting of a Vickers Virginia bomber, which is thus launched at 60 m.p.h. in about thirty yards instead of requiring the normal run of about 300 yards, and for the first time an exhibition of re-fueling in the air will be given.

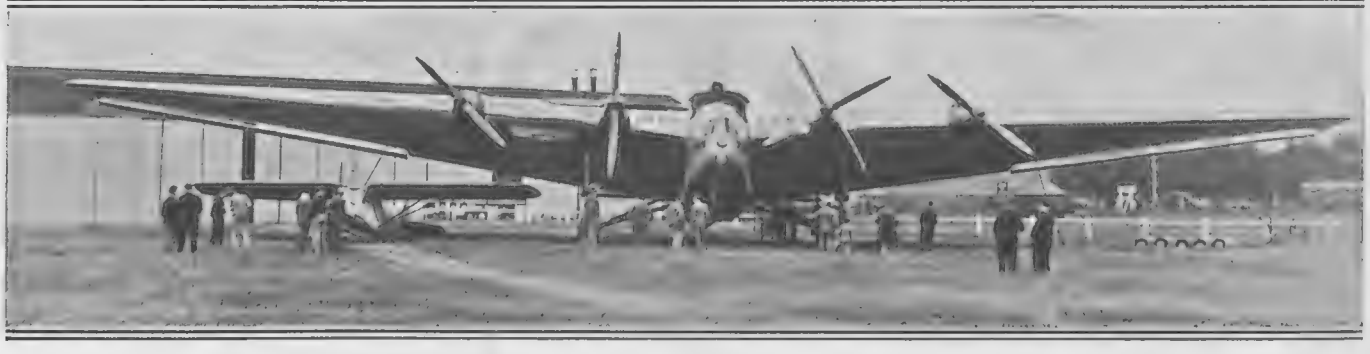
British Light Aeroplanes for Europe

A "REPEAT order" has been received by the De Havilland Aircraft Company for the supply of two further Puss Moth cabin aeroplanes to Mr. Thomas Bata, the "uncrowned shoe-king of Europe," who virtually owns the town of Zlin, Czecho-Slovakia, where his gigantic factory turns out 100,000 pairs of boots and shoes every day. Until last year Mr. Bata operated a fleet of out-of-date German machines, which he now proposes to replace entirely with British aircraft. His two new Puss Moths are to be provided with navigation lighting and flare equipment, which suggests that night flying is to be indulged in.

Messrs. A. V. Roe have supplied an Avian to Sweden. The machine was subscribed for by prominent business men in Gothenburg for presentation to the Aero Club there, which is the first flying club to be organised in Sweden. The Avian was flown to Sweden by Mr. Costa Andree, secretary of the Royal Swedish Aero Club.

Imperial Airways Fares

THE fares on many of the Imperial Airways Indian and African routes have been substantially reduced. The single fare from London to Cairo, for instance, which was previously £50, is now £45, and a return ticket costs £81, instead of £100. Karachi, 5,000 miles away, can be reached in five days, and the fare is now £98, only very slightly more than the fare by surface transport, which requires seventeen days for the journey. The return fare from London to Kisumu, in Central Africa, is £95, which is less than the fare by the ordinary route and saves some three weeks of time.



The huge German machine, the new Junker, G.38, at Croydon during its recent trials. The second largest 'plane in the world, it is fitted out luxuriously and includes a kitchenette on board

Haig

no finer whisky goes into any bottle

Mrs. Hugh Percy driving off from the 1st tee at Gullane during the recent "Britannia and Eve" Ladies' Scottish Foursomes. A record number of entries was received and the meeting went with a swing in more ways than one

GOLF GOSSIP

BY COL. ELWY JONES

Miss Enid Wilson and Mrs. Hugh Percy (left) and Miss Elspeth Cook and Miss Eileen Tweedie. In the early stages of the "Britannia and Eve" Ladies' Scottish Foursomes Miss Wilson and Mrs. Percy had a narrow squeak when two local players, Miss N. Thomas and Miss M. Druitt, took them as far as the 21st hole before being beaten

HENRY COTTON, before leaving for America, issued a statement regarding his attitude in connection with the Ryder Cup team. I fully agree with his views; it appears to me that if a player accepts his passage and expenses from the P.G.A. he must naturally agree to be bound by any conditions they may see fit to lay down; but when one, as Cotton has done, offers to pay his own passage and expenses, surely it is not necessary to tie him down to return with the rest, and why should the team be deprived of one of our most brilliant players for this reason? Again, Mr. Ryder has stated that "this cup is the sole property of the P.G.A., and that they can alter the terms in any way they think fit," and he expresses the opinion that the criticisms which have been passed from time to time will be carefully considered, and, if necessary, the terms will be altered. I hope this is the case, and that alterations will be made to allow of such players as Aubrey Boomer and Percy Alliss being included, for, as matters stand, the P.G.A. do not shine in too favourable a light.

* * *

OBVIOUSLY the majority of members of the average golf club have long handicaps and play the game for the healthy exercise it provides and the pleasure it affords them. This being the case, why is it that so many clubs continually use the back tees without taking into consideration the direction or strength of the wind? The result is that where there is a long carry from the tee the player who is not a long driver is faced with an almost impossible task, and a great deal of pleasure is lost to him.

I know one course in particular where a very steady player, but one who hits a rather short, straight shot from the tee, fails to reach the fairway from the back tee against the wind at three holes at least.

* * *

TO my mind this is making hard work of what is really a wonderful game, and I think it is high time that the requirements of the average player should be considered, and not the man who drives so far that the difference in distance between forward and back tees does not seriously worry him.

* * *

ONE of the most popular and interesting ladies' golfing events of the year is the *Britannia and Eve* Scottish foursomes. Last year this meeting was held at Turnberry, and was won by two English golfers, Lady Alness and Miss Leetham. This is the eighth year, and is taking place at Gullane, where the 1925 event was also held; it has attracted a big entry, including a number of well-known players from this side of the Border.

THE outstanding feature so far is the defeat of Miss Enid Wilson and Mrs. Percy. The Open Champion has not been at her best at Gullane; in fact, she has played far below her usual form, as is indicated by the fact that her side won only one hole, the 10th, during the round which caused their downfall. Mrs. Percy has a great reputation as a putter, but failed to live up to it. Called upon to concede five strokes to Mrs. Bowhill and Miss Robertson-Durham, they were defeated by the ample margin of 6 and 5.

* * *

MRS. WATSON and Mrs. Hill were vanquished by Miss Purvis-Russel-Montgomery and Miss S. A. Walker to the tune of 4 and 2.

Mrs. Watson played two fine shots from bunkers, laying each shot stone dead, but unfortunately her side failed at putting. Miss Walker holed a fine putt right across the green at the ninth for a splendid 2.

* * *

MRS. GUEDALLA and Miss Regnant will meet Miss Montgomery and Miss Walker in the semi-final, the other semi-finalists being Mrs. Hudson and Mrs. R. Cotgrave and Mrs. Bowhill and Miss Robertson-Durham.

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For all information and literature apply to the Offices of the Spanish National Travel Board at PARIS, 12 Boulevard de la Madeleine; NEW YORK, 695 Fifth Avenue; ROME, 9 Via Condotti; GIBRALTAR, 63-67 Main Street. At LONDON and other cities apply to Thos. Cook & Son's and Wagons Lits Agencies, or any other Travel Agency.

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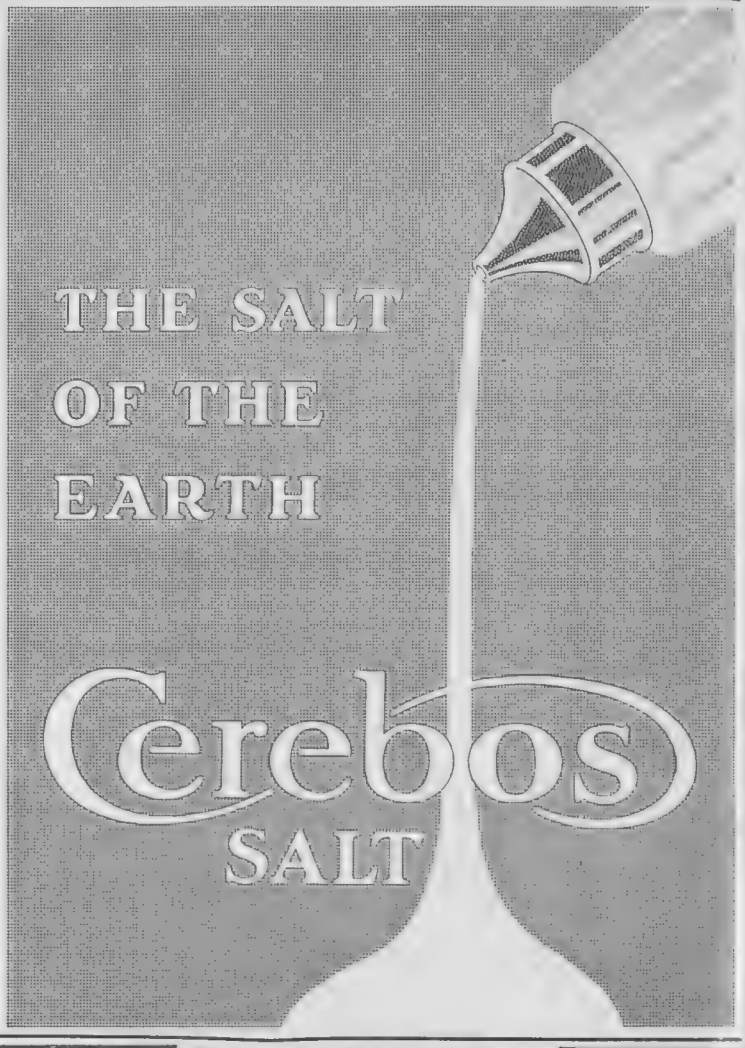
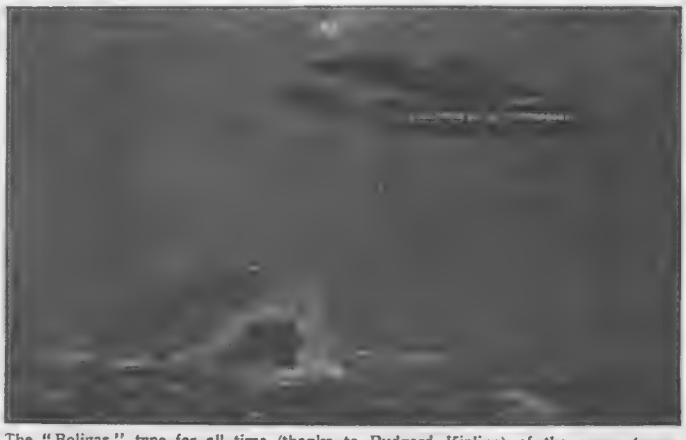


THE NIGHT MAIL



The "Bolivar," type for all time (thanks to Rudyard Kipling) of the ocean tramp, still battles with the heavy sea, but it is overhead that her weary men now see—or very soon will see—the mocking lights of the well-found liner pass them by.

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THE CALL OF THE SALES

PARISIAN MODELS, SILKS AND FURS

Outstanding on account of its smartness and simplicity is this snow-white satin evening dress from Debenham & Freebody's, Wigmore Street. The neckline is emphasised with miniature crystal bugle embroidery The sleeved coat is enriched with fur

Sales Here and Everywhere

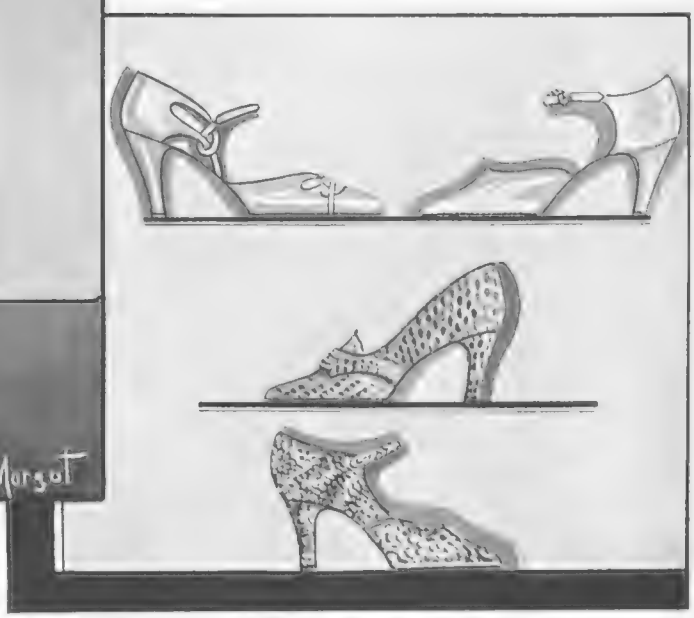
It is an ill wind that blows no one any good. Doubt less it is on account of the lack of sunshine that has been vouchsafed us during the last few months that the prices of everything that comes under the heading of summer fashions have been submitted to unprecedented reductions. Furs are available at summer prices, and as they will certainly ascend when September arrives they should be purchased immediately. They will be stored free of charge until the autumn.

£50,000 Worth of Silk

Now, turning from generalities to details, it must be related that Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street, W., sale is in progress, and that remnant days are Thurs days. Included in it are £50,000 worth of silk, which is offered at marvellous reductions. All Parisian and other models are available for half, and even less than half, price. Fast-colour cretonne and striped casement cushions are 5*s*., and hand-painted table lamps, with shades complete, are 19*s*. 6*d*. Seven-pound tins of sea pine bath salts are 6*s*. 11*d*. ; they more than double the refreshing qualities of a bath. Elastic wool sea suits in 40, 42, 44 and 46in. sizes are 12*s*. 6*d*., while pure floral silk crêpe de Chine nightdresses are 29*s*. 6*d*.

Golden Opportunities

Among the sales that must be visited this week is that of Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, the catalogue is ready and will gladly be sent gratis and post free. Among the multitudinous attractions are the tea and dinner gowns in heavy georgette and crêpe de Chine for 39*s*. 6*d*., usual prices 8½ guineas and 10½ guineas. Again, there are home dinner gowns of georgette with new cowl collar and bolero coatee for 6½ guineas. In the sportswear department there are cardigan suits knitted in attractive tweed patterns for 45*s*., original prices from 69*s*. 6*d*. to 98*s*. 6*d*. The reductions in the prices of millinery have been equally phenomenal.



Shoes that bear the name of Dolcis are ever admirably cut and endowed with something new that places them on a plane apart. Pictured above is a red glacé kid shoe faced with one of white satin with a paste buckle. The shoe below is of lizard skin and the model on the right of snake skin

Everything Reduced

Everything is reduced to practically cost price at Aquascutum's, 100, Regent Street, W., summer sale. It begins on July 1 and continues throughout the month Tweed travelling coats will be available from 55*s*., and raincoats from 50*s*.

No Catalogue

No catalogue is issued in connection with the Galeries Lafayette, Regent Street, W., summer sale. It begins on Monday next. It is not until the garments have been seen that the wonderful value to be obtained is realised. To put the matter in a nutshell, it is a sale that will enable women to equip their wardrobes at prices which are less than those of pre-war days.

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TAKING THE SHOWROOM TO THE CUSTOMER

The Ford convoy of passenger and commercial vehicles which has proved to be a very popular enterprise. It is seen passing along a road in South Wales

PATRIOTISM PAYS By E. M. Wright

AMONGST the most interesting news I have seen for many a month past is the Board of Trade revelation just recently that the sale of American cars in this country has dwindled to very nearly vanishing point. According to the latest figures importations from the United States are now but one-tenth of what they were only two years ago, and the signs are that this decline will continue. Such a slump cannot fairly be attributed to the present economic crisis. The British manufacturer is just as hard hit as his American rival, and trade in this country generally has been under the weather for ten years as compared with America's two; yet the striking fact emerges that the British manufacturer is not only holding his own, but is, in fact, gaining ground at the expense of his rivals.

***

THERE was a time when the average American car offered something which was, for the most part, difficult to obtain on British makes selling for about the same price. Some years ago the average motorist of limited means in this country *had* to buy foreign if he wanted a medium-priced, high-powered car of, say, six or eight cylinders. That time has long since passed. We need not blush for the performance of our Sixes and our Eights, nor need the motorist who buys British pay heavily for his patriotism; and last, but by no means least, our cars, even in these days of mass production, still retain that individuality and that air of refinement for which they have always been famous.

***

ANOTHER potent argument—if argument be needed—in favour of buying British, is the annual cost of depreciation. No one nowadays buys a car to keep until it falls to pieces from sheer old age. Almost every motorist expects to sell or exchange his car for another every two, three or four years. The loss on depreciation should, therefore, be included as part of the capital cost of the car, and in this matter of depreciation the British car scores heavily.

I need hardly mention that depreciation depends almost entirely upon a car's age. The state of the car will, of course, affect the price, but only within comparatively narrow limits. The age of a car is the deciding factor, and year by year the value of an American car declines by from 15 to as much as 25 per cent. more than does that of an ordinary British vehicle.

***

THE common idea amongst lay motorists is that depreciation should be about 25 to 30 per cent. a year. But a dealer I was talking to recently put forward a new mathematical—or should I say economic?—theory on this subject. First of all, he said, you must take the trade discount margin, which—without going into a delicate subject—let us put at one-fifth. Then you must take off one-quarter, at least in the case of American cars, before you arrive at the first year's depreciation. So far as its cash price is concerned, the value of the average American car declines by very nearly 50 per cent. every year, whilst depreciation on a British car is 33 per cent. or less.

***

TAKE one simple instance. Two cars, one British, the other American, are both bought new for £300. After twelve months' normal running they will fetch respectively round about £200 and £160, after two years' running £140 and £90-£100, and so on, until at the end of four years the American car will be worth only £15-£20, while the British car will fetch something nearer £70. With second-hand cars, no less than with brand new ones, it pays to buy British, for, although you can get it at a much lower price, an American second-hand car originally worth between £300 and £400 continues to depreciate so heavily that you arrive at a point where it is practically unsaleable, while a British car—which cost no more when new—will still fetch £40 or £50. (By the term American car I do not necessarily include those of American origin which are assembled or even largely manufactured in this country.)

***

IT is the policy of certain British manufacturers to alter their models as little as possible from year to year. The immediate result is that depreciation is reduced to the minimum, and a quarter, or 25 per cent., of each year's value would be a fair estimate of the annual depreciation. For instance, a popular "baby" saloon costing £130 would be worth nearly £100 after the first year, nearly £80 after the second; £55 after the third, and £40 after the fourth—more than an American car costing

(Continued on page iv)

"THE GOOD COMPANIONS"!

A snapshot taken at a recent race-meeting at Sonning. The empty magnum of Piper-Heidsieck decorating the bonnet of an Austin Twelve proves that the party had picked a winner for the Luncheon Stakes

THE BEST CAR IN THE WORLD

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I would like to tell you how pleased I am with the car in every way. It appears to be very fast, the acceleration is excellent, but what impresses me most is the way it holds the road comfortably at all speeds.
When driving the car at speed one has a feeling of complete security and all the qualities of the Rolls-Royce appear to have been retained although the speed and acceleration have been very greatly increased. Please allow me to congratulate you on the production of a very wonderful machine.—*Ref. 2035*

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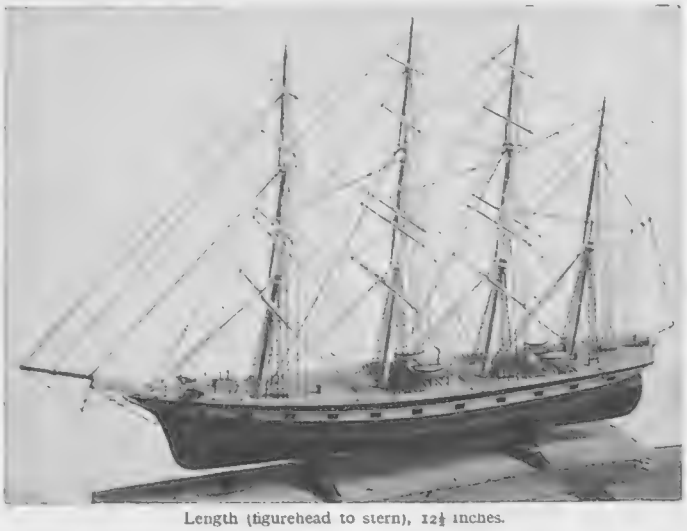
Telephone Mayfair 6201

R.A.F. Display Hendon 27th June

"LOCH TORRIDON"

MODEL BY FRANK H. MASON



Length (figurehead to stern), 12¼ inches.

The Sporting Gallery begs to announce that a few copies of Mr. Frank H. Mason's model of the famous four-masted barque "Loch Torridon" are still available. As in the case of Mr. Mason's previous models of "Thermopylæ" and "Cutty Sark," twenty-five reproductions only, numbered and signed, have been made under the artist-craftsman's personal supervision. The price is Twenty-five Guineas (packing and transport extra). *All reproductions of "Thermopylæ" and "Cutty Sark" have been sold and copies of either model are at a premium.* Orders for "Loch Torridon" are booked and executed strictly in rotation. "Loch Torridon" has been selected for the present occasion by Mr Mason in deference to many requests for a model of one of the celebrated Clyde-built barques, which rank admittedly among the most shapely and beautiful vessels ever launched.

An example can be inspected in The Sporting Gallery.

THE SPORTING GALLERY,
32, King Street, Covent Garden, LONDON, W.C.2

Information and Propectuses of travel facilities to German Spas are obtainable from all Travel Bureaux and from the German Railways Information Bureau, 19, Regent Street, London, S.W.1.

Come and see! The beautiful Rhineland

Prospectuses: **"Holidays on the Rhine," "The Rhine in Flames," "By Air from the Lake of Constance to the North Sea," "The Rhine and its Lateral Valleys,"**

obtainable from: German Railways Information Bureau, 19, Regent Street, London, S.W.1. all Travel Bureaux and the Rheinischer Verkehrsverband E.V., Bad Godesberg am Rhein.

Coblenz, the old town on the German Eck, junction of the rivers Rhine, Mosel and Lahn, best place for a lengthy recuperative holiday and for excursions. Information from the "Städt. Verkehrsamt."

In **Baden-Baden** **"Bellevue"** first-class and very reasonable. Ask for prospectus.

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2,600 ft. above sea-level nr. Baden-Baden Kurhaus (90 beds) Sanatorium (60 beds), modern comfort. Physical and dietetic treatment. Metabolic laboratory. Infectious and mental cases not admitted
Tennis — Hunting — Trout fishing.

Ostseebad Travemünde Beautiful resort for holidays and all sports, golf links. 1½ hours from Hamburg, 4½ hours from Berlin. Prospectus from the "Badeverwaltung."

Bavaria **Munich.**—The centre of Culture in South Germany. Starting point for all expeditions into the Bavarian Alps. Objects of Interest: Deutsches Museum, old and new Pinakothek, Residenzmuseum, etc. Special arrangements Summer, 1931: Wagner and Mozart festivals, festive theatrical productions in all the theatres, Modern and Chamber Music. Serenades in the Brunnenhof of the Residenz. Munich Art Exhibition in the Glaspalast. Verkehrsverband München, Hauptbahnhof.

Garmisch-Partenkirchen The leading open-air resort in the Bavarian Alps. 90 mins. from Munich. Golf, tennis, riding, swimming. Rope Suspension Railway to the Kreuzeck, 5506 ft., and to the Wank, 5933 ft.
Bavarian Zugspitzrailway. Rack Railway 9782 ft. with **Hotel Schneefernerhaus.**

Alpenhof-Parkhotel G. Pension from RM. 13.
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Eibsee Hotel 3330 ft. Most beautiful bathing beach at the foot of the Zugspitze. Pension RM.9. to RM.17. Motor bus connection.
G.—Garmisch. P.—Partenkirchen.

Hotel Gibson and Hotel Schönblick P. Pension from RM.13.
Hotel Pension Kohlhardt G. Pension from RM.8.
Hotel "Der Kurhof" the family hotel P. Pension from RM.10.
Dr. Wiggers Kurheim Sanatorium P. Four doctors with many years' clinical experience.

Information, Prospectuses from the Kurverwaltung, the Travel Bureaux and from each Hote

MOTOR NOTES (continued from page ii)

originally over twice the money! In the long run it will always be cheaper to buy British and to buy a popular standard make, while you can still further save on depreciation by investing in a car which changes little from year to year.

IN THE NEWS

A Warwick Wright Line

One of the most remarkable cars on the market to-day is the "75" Talbot and its brothers or sisters (whichever you prefer) the "90" and "105." These cryptic terms denote the maximum speeds to be expected from each model, the engine dimensions being the same in each case. This is one of the chief lines for which Warwick Wright, Ltd., of 150, Bond Street, are distributors. The list of successes achieved by the standard models would fill a volume. Everywhere it has been praised, not only for its performance, but the silence with which this performance is achieved.

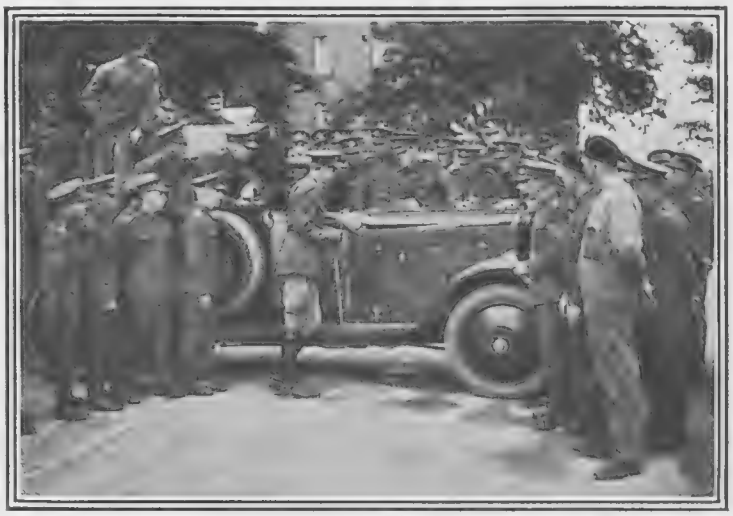
The Talbot designers were always wizards with a small engine. This "75" carries a tax of only £18, but gives practically the performance of an American car taxed at £10 more. If there is any difficulty it is that you have to change to third gear a little more frequently, but as it is a "silent third" on which you can do well over 50 m.p.h. it is small hardship. Brakes and steering are excellent, and roadholding is superb. The price of the standard five-seater coachbuilt saloon is £585.

The Ulster T.T.

Visitors to the Ulster T.T., which is to be held on August 22nd, can now begin booking their seats in the grandstand, which is to be in the same position as last year and will accommodate 2,000 people. The stand will be roofed, and every seat, which will be numbered and reserved, will have an uninterrupted view of the pits, the scoring boards, and nearly a mile of the course. In addition, seatholders may use the enclosure behind the pits and at Quarry Corner, whilst luncheon tents, buffets, and bars will be provided both at the rear of the grandstand and in the enclosure. Full information can be obtained from the R.A.C. (T.T. Booking Office), Pall Mall, S.W.1.

The Embryo Tyre

The evolution of the motor tyre from the raw rubber blocks which arrive at the factory to the finished article is interestingly described in a booklet published by the Dunlop Rubber Company. Each of the main operations is illustrated by photographs and explained in non-technical language. In order to make absolutely certain that the inner-tube rubber is entirely free from grit, it is forced through a fine metal mesh filter with 2,500 orifices per square inch. A patent system of joining tubes without a seam is described, and motorists will learn how the familiar three-stud tread is made. Copies may be obtained from the General Service Manager, Fort Dunlop.



Men of the Oxford and Bucks Light Infantry receiving instruction on the uses of Rolls-Royce armoured cars from an officer of the 2181 Armoured Car Company. This instruction forms part of the general mechanisation training now being undertaken by the British Army

Italian Poet's Tribute

Gabriel d'Annunzio, the great Italian poet, has once again paid a high compliment to British sportsmanship. The motor-boating trophy which he presented last year in memory of Sir Henry Segrave has been sent specially to this country to be placed in the hands of the Marine Motoring Association for safe keeping until it is competed for again next year. The d'Annunzio Trophy was first offered for competition at the International Race Meeting at Lake Garda a month ago, and Lord Wakefield's "Miss England II," piloted, of course, by Mr. Kaye Don, was one of the first to compete for it. None of the contestants qualified, but as a gesture of goodwill and appreciation of the effort put forth by Lord Wakefield and Mr. Kaye Don, d'Annunzio specially desired that the trophy should remain for the time being in this country.

INSURANCE OF MOTOR VEHICLES

Scottish Automobile and General

Head Office: 136-138 Hope Street, Glasgow, C.2.

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FIFE ARMS HOTEL

First Class Family Hotel.
Patronised by Royalty and the Court.
SITUATED AMIDST
SCOTLAND'S GRANDEST SCENERY.
EVERY COMFORT. PERFECT SERVICE.
Fully equipped with every modern convenience.
'Phone: 14. *Proprietor:* John Taylor.

TOXINICON

AN entirely new preparation which has given remarkable results in the treatment of Rheumatoid Arthritis. Especially successful in cases of long standing where all other treatments have failed. Toxinicon possesses a great stimulating value and has had great success in all cases of Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica and Gout.

The Chief Physician at one of the largest Hospitals in the world, says:—"It should be cried all over the world that a new, marvellous remedy has been found that actually puts an end to most Rheumatic diseases, especially Rheumatoid Arthritis." Price 5/- & 10/- per bottle

Made in the Laboratories of SUNSHINE REMEDIES LTD., 8 West Halkin St., London, S.W.1.
Telephone: SLOANE 4133.

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THE BYSTANDER
to ensure prompt attention

KINMEL SCHOOL THE NEW ENGLISH PUBLIC SCHOOL FOR BOYS

AVAILABLE FOR BOYS FROM 13. ADVANCED COURSES IN COMMERCE AND ENGINEERING, where vocational training, after a sound general education, is combined with the best Public School tradition.

Chairman of the Governors: **LORD TEYNHAM.** *Head Master:* **Mr. R. A. GORDON CANE, B.Sc.**

The Boys are housed in a modern Mansion of more than 100 Rooms, 400 ft. above sea-level, standing in its Park of 300 Acres overlooking the sea, the Welsh mountains and the lovely Clwyd Valley.

Bracing Climate. Every modern convenience has been installed, including Hot and Cold Shower Baths. All Cooking and Lighting by Electricity. Central Heating in all Dormitories. The Dietary is ample and includes Fruit, which makes the usual tuck-boxes unnecessary. Cricket, Football, Hockey, Tennis, Boxing, etc. Model office for Business Instruction. Engineering shop for experimental work.

FEES: 120 GUINEAS PER ANNUM INCLUSIVE.

For particulars and prospectus, apply to—**The Head Master, Kinmel School, Denbighshire.**

The Ideal Week-end Resort:

Le Touquet

on the French Channel Coast. 3 hours only from London.

THREE Golf Courses

THE MOST FASHIONABLE CASINO IN FRANCE.

A large Pine Forest on the fringe of the sea.

Hotels:

WESTMINSTER
In Forest—Close to Casino.
250 Rooms with Bath and 'Phone.

GRAND HOTEL
On the Beach—Very Central.
200 Rooms with Bath and 'Phone.

Folks Who Always Feel Tired

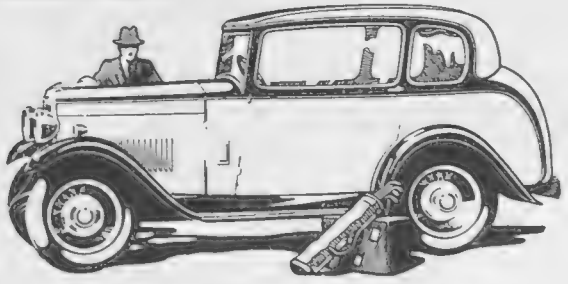
Should Be Suspicious of Auto-Intoxication

A persistent tired feeling, accompanied by drowsiness, dull headaches, and a general lack of interest in life in general, is one of the surest signs of a state of self-poisoning. Intestines, becoming sluggish, allow the waste matter to accumulate. Putrefaction sets in, which breeds toxins that are absorbed by the blood stream and carried to every part of the body to steal your strength and vitality, lower your resistance, and make you chronically weak, tired, and listless.

Any person who is not feeling up to par should begin drinking hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon arising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder, for this improves the action of both the water and the lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

Get about four ounces from any chemist and take it regularly every morning for a week. See what a difference in your physical condition, even in so short a time! Mark the better appetite you have and strength and energy you feel. It's really marvellous the difference when one is internally clean.

Just ask your chemist for Kutnow's Powder. Four ounces is enough to make a conclusive test.



When you own a Triumph you definitely have the finest small car in the world—a bold statement amply supported.

The name "Triumph" is honoured wherever motorists gather, and we are proud of the fact that superiority of design, materials, specification and workmanship has brought such distinction to this British product.

Hydraulic brakes, underslung worm drive, perfectly appointed coachwork, chromium plating, safety glass—these are but a few standard Triumph features.

Super Seven Saloons from £159 - 10 - 0, Scorpion 6-cylinder Models from £220.

May we send full details?

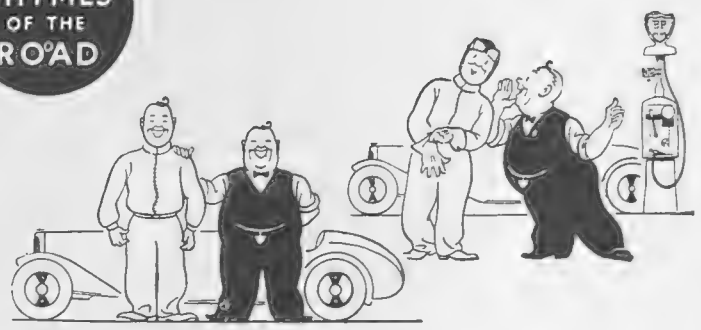
Dunlop tyres and Lucas electrical equipment standard.

TRIUMPH

The finest small car in the world

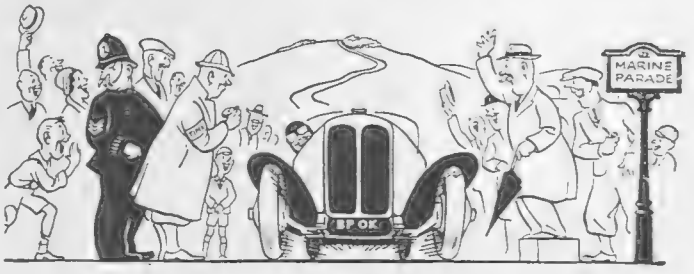
Triumph Motor Co., Ltd., Coventry. London: 218, Gt. Portland Street, W.1 (1st Floor)

'BP' RHYMES OF THE ROAD



Tom, Tom, the pump-man's son,

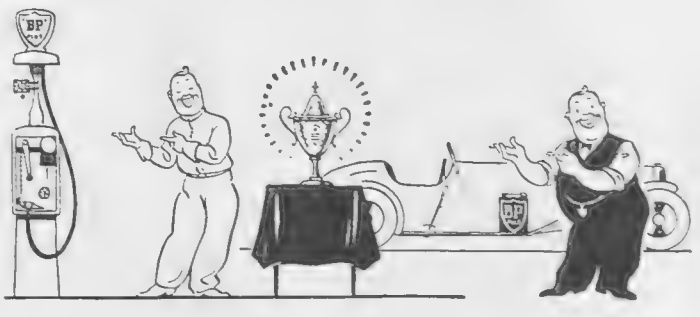
Has made another record run —



Over the hills,

and down to the sea —

(Dad's advice was; "Plus 'BP'!")



The blue 'BP' plus *definitely ensures* — instant starting + amazing acceleration + more M.P.G + fullest power + wonderful hill-climbing + freedom from pinking

"BP" PLUS

ANGLO-PERSIAN OIL CO. LTD.

BRITISH PETROLEUM CO. LTD. BRITANNIC HOUSE, MOORGATE, E.C.2

DISTRIBUTING ORGANIZATION

DOGS

KITH and KIN By Lady Kitty Ritson

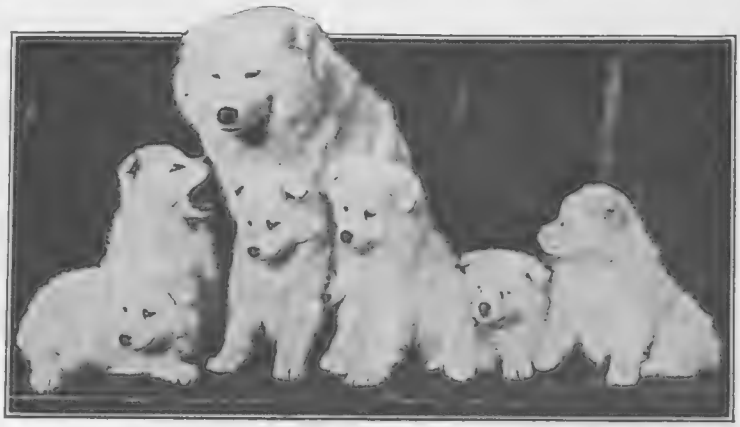
BEING in Canada, I have taken the opportunity of visiting a kennel of huskies which is situated close to where I am staying, and which is under the supervision of an officer commanding a detachment of the "Mounties."

Huskies are fascinating dogs, and those of you who have read the stories of Jack London and Rex Beach (and who hasn't?) may have a vague idea of what a husky looks like. But it may not have come your way to have seen one or know them intimately.

One of these dogs, Silver, was the perfect complement of her name. She was a lovely chinchilla colour, fading to white on the chest and paws and under-parts, and she was a great pet. She loved to be petted and stroked, and she had never known what it was to be beaten during the whole of her life. But that did not prevent her from cringing on the ground if you raised a stick in her vicinity.

THERE was a dog called Dawn, of a slightly darker colour than Silver, who was one of the most magnificent specimens of dog that I have ever seen. He would certainly take a first prize in any mixed class under an all-round judge. His feet and legs were perfect; he had a magnificent chest and brisket, and wonderful bone. An amateur might easily have mistaken him for an old-fashioned Alsatian if he had appeared in a class for the latter dogs, but his head, ears and eyes were quite different. A husky must have small ears and small deep-set eyes, in order to prevent them from freezing. He must not be too long in body, and his tail must be carried well-curled over his back. Where a show-dog in England would be faulted for being loose in elbow and too wide in front, a husky would be commended, because it would indicate great pulling power.

THERE are a good many legends about huskies, and the average person imagines that they are all crossed with wolf. This is not the case, nor does the slanting eye come from the wolf blood, but from generations and generations of dogs that have always had their eyes slanting backwards, either fearing the whip or looking for the word of command.



A champion White Samoyede with her family photographed at the kennels at Haslemere

(This information was given me by one of the greatest practical authorities on the breed, and I will not presume to dispute the fact.)

THERE are three distinct varieties of husky; the malamute, which is the type of dog I have just described, the Siberian husky and the wolf husky. The malamute can be the result of husky bred to husky, and so on ad infinitum, or there may be a strain of wolf blood somewhere, but not necessarily. The experts believe that these dogs were the original dogs of America, that is, after the days of migration were over. When the ancestors of the American Indians crossed over what is now the Behring Straits, there crossed with them the original Mongolian dog, a species of chow. This chow probably mated with wolves, and the malamute is the result.

THEN there is the Siberian husky (used by Leonard Seppala in his racing team). The adherents of this dog claim that there is no wolf blood in him, but that is problematical. Thirdly, there is the wolf husky, the result of a cross between any big dog and the wolf. These dogs generally resemble the wolf and carry their tails low, not curled

Huskies can put up no resistance to distemper, and succumb very easily. They will kill all small dogs at sight, and it is almost impossible to make them into pets.

There is not enough space here to make comparisons between them, elk-hounds and Alsatians, but it opens up a large speculative field.

Do not forget that there is free Veterinary advice at your disposal by a fully qualified Veterinary Surgeon for your dog, if, when required, you will communicate with me.

Both want "SHAPES"

. . . and so does every dog. Little dogs and big dogs, medium size and giant dogs—there isn't a tail that won't wag when a bag of Spillers "Shapes" comes into view. Given a chance dogs will go for "Shapes" with an eagerness that is delightful to watch.

Wheatmeal—crisp for his teeth, but not too hard. Super—the vitamin biscuit. Fruit—with real fruit in it for the digestion, and Ginger—a real appetiser, the dog's cocktail.

Spillers "SHAPES"

In packets and bags 5d. and 1/-, and larger sizes. Also loose by the pound.

SPILLERS VICTORIA FOODS (*Branch of Spillers Limited*) JACOB STREET, LONDON, S.E.1.

For your "Advantage"

Enjoy your Tennis with freedom from blistering. Your face and exposed limbs will take no harm from the strongest sunlight if you use Larola, it protects your face and limbs against sun-dryness and peeling. Whatever the weather, use Larola daily—then you are sure of lovely, white smooth hands and arms.

All high-class Chemists sell Larola.

1/6 and 2/6 a bottle.

THE PERFECT FINISH TO THE LAROLA COMPLEXION

LAROLA ROSE BLOOM (Rouge), the Natural Tint, Sifter Box with Puff, 1/- and 2/6 per Box.

BEETHAMS Larola

From all Chemists and Stores or post free in U.K. direct from

M. BEETHAM & SON, CHELTENHAM, ENGLAND.

Ascot — the Parade of horses and of fashion.

"There they go to the start. By jove! They look a fine lot. It's difficult to pick the right one, somehow. I fancy No. 7 — that's the favourite — I wonder . . . ?"

What a glorious day. Lunch in delightful company — no selection necessary here — as far as the wine was concerned. Instinctively one chose the ever favourite PAARL AMBER HOCK . . . . . *and* the favourite won. Burgoyne's Paarl Amber Hock and Veldt Burgundy have earned the honest and unsolicited praise of the true connoisseur. They are South Africa's finest wines and of incomparable quality. Yet the price, thanks to Imperial Preference, is miraculously low — only 3/- per bottle and 1/7 per half bottle.

P. B. Burgoyne & Co., Ltd.
Empire Wine Growers.
Estd. 1871.

Burgoyne's

PAARL AMBER HOCK & VELDT BURGUNDY

THE GOURMET — Conducted by Emilia

Olives à lá Metropole

TAKE some olives and stuff them with green butter, set in little rounds of aspic and serve on slices of sausage garnished with green butter.

Soles à la Beyrout

CUT the heads, fins and tails off a pair of soles and put them in a stewpan with a glass of sherry and a lump of butter the size of a walnut; fry it till all the sherry is dried into the bones; now dredge in some flour and stir to it one pint of stock, one teaspoonful of anchovy sauce, and one tablespoonful of Worcester sauce, and one tablespoonful of ketchup. Stew it till the bones are all to pieces, then strain it. Cut each sole into three or four pieces, fry them in egg and breadcrumbs, and put them in a stewpan and pour the gravy over them. Stew gently for half an hour and serve.

Filet de Bœuf à la Mirabeau

TAKE 1 lb. of fillet of beef, broil it nicely but not too much; have in readiness some maître d'hôtel butter made as follows: 3 oz. of butter, one dessertspoonful of lemon juice, and a little pepper and salt to taste; work all these ingredients into a pat and let it get cold. After broiling the fillet place a piece of maître d'hôtel butter as big as a walnut on top, and garnish with watercress.

Pommes de Terre à la Crème

BOIL the potatoes and cut them into small pieces. Make a good cream sauce flavoured with mace and seasoned with salt and pepper, and stir the potatoes into the sauce. Serve very hot.

Chartreuse de Fruits

LINE a mould with lemon jelly, arrange circles of any fruit, such as halved strawberries, then another layer of jelly, and, when this is setting, more fruit and so on till the mould is filled. Leave on ice to set. Serve with whipped cream.

Ballettes de Fromage

THE whites of two eggs, 2 oz. of grated cheese, salt and cayenne. Beat the eggs to a stiff froth, stir in the cheese, salt and cayenne pepper. Shape the mixture into balls the size of marbles, and drop them into boiling lard. Fry them for about five minutes till a golden brown, drain well, and serve with grated cheese.

Dîner

HORS D'ŒUVRES VARIÉS.
(OLIVES À LA MÉTROPOLE.)

SOLES À LA BEYROUT.

FILET DE BŒUF À LA MIRABEAU.
PETITS POIS À LA FRANÇAISE.
POMMES DE TERRE À LA CRÈME.

CHARTREUSE DE FRUITS.

BALLETTES DE FROMAGE.

DESSERT. CAFÉ.

THE EDITOR'S BOX

A Birmingham Artist's Success

Mrs. Florence Engelbach is to be warmly congratulated upon the signal success she has achieved with her recent exhibition of flower studies at the Beaux Arts Galleries, Bruton Street, W. Distinguished critics have expressed their warm appreciation of the delightful manner in which she has treated her subjects in bright, rich, luminous colour. It is clear that the artist finds particular pleasure in depicting these charming studies. The Duke and Duchess of York were among those who visited the exhibition, and their interested inspection of the works of the artist was followed by expressions of cordial appreciation. A great many of the pictures have already been purchased. One has been secured for the Birmingham City Art Gallery, and another may go to the Tate Gallery.

The Distillers' Sports Club

The photograph on this page of the recent Distillers' Sports Club athletic meeting was taken at the new ground at East Molesey. The Distillers Co., Ltd., purchased the house and grounds of East Molesey Court, converting them into a club house and a sports ground of some twenty acres, in which are six hard and three grass courts, football grounds and cricket pitches. The house is replete with dressing-rooms, shower baths, a tea and dance lounge, billiard tables, and so on, and is greatly appreciated by the various subsidiary company staffs of the Distillers Co., Ltd., in and around London.

A photograph taken at the Distillers Company's Sports Club meeting at East Molesey. In the group on the steps are Mr. W. Harrison O.B.E. (left), Mr. T. Wilkinson, Mrs. Wilkinson, Mrs. J. M. Connell and Mr. Redfern

A New Departure in Tourist Travel

In order to afford those who are interested in British Columbia an opportunity of seeing the country at an exceptional advantage, from the point of view of business or permanent residence, the Agent-General for British Columbia is arranging, in conjunction with the Canadian Pacific Railway, a six weeks' tour of Canada's Pacific Coast province, under the personal direction of Mr. W. A. McAdam, the Secretary to the Government Office in London. Those who are able to participate in this inspection tour will thus enjoy the advantage of travelling under official Government auspices and of seeing all the principal points of interest in the Province under conditions not available to the ordinary tourist. As arrangements provide for the departure of the party in the Canadian Pacific liner "Duchess of Richmond" from Liverpool, on July 31, all interested are requested to write immediately to the London Office of the British Columbia Government, British Columbia House, 1-3, Regent Street, London, S.W.1, for particulars of the itinerary. The party will return to Liverpool on September 16. The estimated cost of the tour, including cabin class accommodation, and first class rail and sleepers, hotel accommodation and meals, inclusive of gratuities, except on boat, is £165.

New Departure by Orient Line

The Orient Line are meeting the needs of the public for comfortable travel at a lower cost than the luxuries of first-class entail, by the conversion of two of their steamers, Ormonde and Orsova, into One-Class Tourist ships. Passengers will have free use of the spacious decks and public rooms, and will find catering, service, and accommodation excellent, and there will be a long range of fares to suit all tastes and purses. The first sailing will be the Orsova from London on August 15, and the conversion of the Ormonde will be completed in time for her to sail on November 7. Interesting excursions can be made at all these ports. An illustrated descriptive folder can be obtained on application to the offices and agents of the Orient Company.

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Go securely and comfortably shod. That is the secret of happy days in all weathers. Wear well-made boots or shoes with uppers of Martins Scotch-tanned ZUG leather. ZUG is waterproof. It always retains its incomparable softness without oiling or dubbin. ZUG Uppers keep smart and take a brilliant polish. Their capacity to stand hard wear and rough conditions is endless. Many well-known brands can be obtained in ZUG. All good retailers stock it in styles to suit both men and women. Prices from 21/- to 42/- and upwards. Always have your walking and sporting footwear made with Martins ZUG Uppers.

Made only by W. & J. MARTIN, Tanners, GLASGOW.

THE OVAL LABEL ON EACH BOOT OR SHOE PROVES YOU HAVE IT!

Ask- IS IT A ZUG UPPER?

SWAN & EDGAR

Piccadilly Circus - The hub of the World

Sale

BEGINS MONDAY, JUNE 29th

ALL FASHION STOCKS ARE GREATLY REDUCED

"AUDREY"

Beautiful Satin Evening Gown, in several good shades, including black, white, oyster, rose, beige or green. Sizes from 38 to 42 ins. hips. Usual price, 7½ gns.

SALE PRICE

5½ Gns.

Larger sizes extra.

SPECIAL OFFER OF TWO-PIECE SUITS

"ANNE."

Smart Dress and Coatee in spotted artificial Flamingo. Well tailored dress with cross-over bodice and full flared skirt. In good colours of dark cherry, new green or royal, all with white spots. Sizes 40 to 46 ins. hips. A limited number only.

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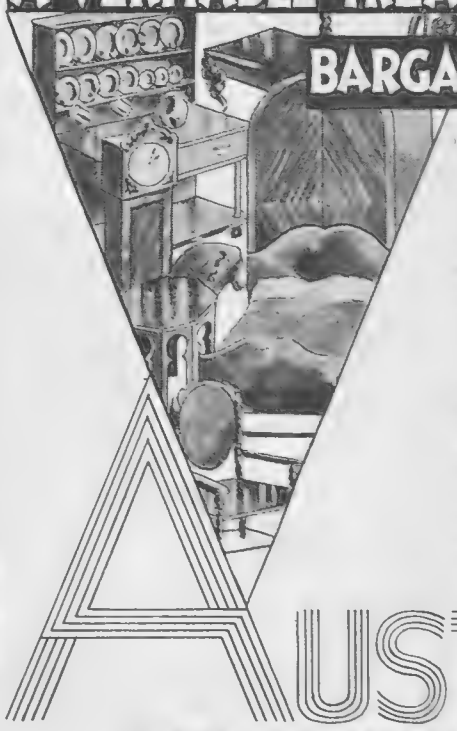

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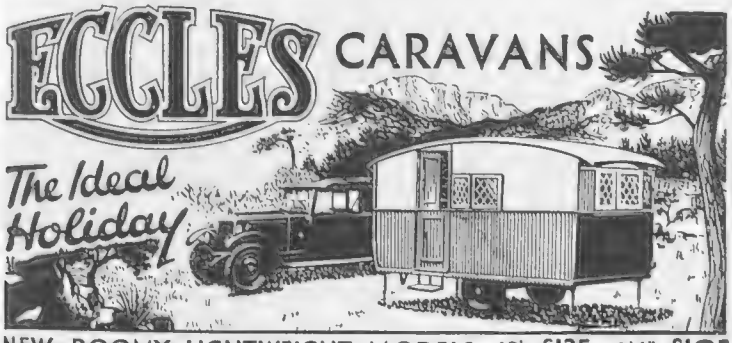

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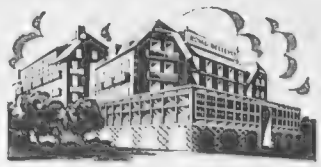

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Strange sounds greet your ears—the ominous drumming of a tom-tom, the whine of Tunisian instruments, the tinkle of temple bells. In the Zoo lions roar—for among great rocks wild animals roam apparently at liberty.

Here East and West meet, despite Kipling's dictum. For the American contributions are a replica of George Washington's home, Mount Vernon, and exhibits of Hawaii, the Philippines, Porto Rico, and Alaska.

Fascinating native eating-places serve exotic dishes, and in numerous restaurants of every class is the famed French cuisine.

All the world will journey to this Mecca of modern achievement. And as the Exhibition is to be open until October and special transport rates can be obtained, probably you will stay in France for a while and go "round the world in a day" many times. DORLAND

'Duggie' explains—

"On Telephones."

Sir Edward : "A discussion arose at the Club the other day with regard to the use of the telephone in connection with betting."

Duggie : "A very interesting topic, Sir Edward."

Sir Edward : "Remarkably so, as nearly every one present, at some time or other, had had some unsatisfactory experience of it."

Duggie : "I am not surprised, Sir Edward."

Sir Edward : "But I have never heard a complaint from any of my friends who 'phone you their business on my recommendation."

Duggie : "It's due, Sir Edward, to my great anxiety to safeguard my clients."

Sir Edward : "I hardly follow. Are you immune from telephone mistakes?"

Duggie : "I do not for a moment claim to be infallible, Sir Edward, but I realised long ago the possibility of 'phone misunderstandings, and I evolved a system making such occurrences almost impossible."

Sir Edward : "Really! Tell me about it."

Duggie : "Certainly, Sir Edward. It is quite simple. Each o' my lines is duplicated and employs two operators working quite independently; in fact, they cannot see or speak to each other. One operator speaks to the client, the other listens to the conversation. Both record the instructions given."

Sir Edward : "So that if I 'phone a commission, it is taken down by two independent people, only one of whom speaks to me?"

Duggie : "Correct, Sir Edward. The telephone slips are subsequently collected and *compared* so that any discrepancy would immediately be observed."

Sir Edward : "A truly wonderful system, Stuart. By the way, what are you doing about the 'Tote?'"

Duggie : "There is no facility offered by the 'Tote,' Sir Edward, which my clients may not enjoy, and, of course, on credit."

"Duggie Explains" series are based on actual conversations held with clients, but names used are entirely fictitious.

"Duggie" is Waiting to Open an Account with You.

Douglas Stuart

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